

CAVALCADE

INCORPORATING *The* **DIGEST** of Today



See it through...



with

PHILIPS LAMPS



PHILIPS LAMPS (A'SIA) PTY. LTD.
SYDNEY—MELBOURNE—ADELAIDE—BRISBANE
PERTH



☆ CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1942 ☆



ARTICLES

Yaguchi's Progress	Eugene Derashenko	2
More About the Jap Navy	Douglas James	6
The Pawnbroker's Secret	Lowell Brentano	12
Muscle in Music	Ann Foster	17
Far East Free-for-all	Henry Gibb	41
U.S.A. Safeguards its Factories	Paul Kerner	46
Peace of the Gulf	La-Col. Sir Edward Haseock	50
Christmas in a Nazi Prison	T. E. R. Clarke	81
That Tired Feeling	Merle Herman Roy	84
Early Trials of the Press	Greville Foke & T. E. R. Clarke	89

MY DAY TO HOWL

Gilbert Anstruther Says What He Thinks	24, 25, 26, 27, 28
--	--------------------

CARTOON SATIRE

Gibson, Royston, Horsman, Lohm	3, 9, 11, 15, 18, 21, 25, 28, 41, 53, 55, 63
--	--

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Bouncing History of the Digger at Home and Abroad	30, 32, 32
---	------------

PICTORIAL

First Section	33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39
Second Section	73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79

THE BALANCED REVIEW

By "The Insider"	26, 51, 52, 53, 68, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 74, 75
----------------------------	--

DEPARTMENTS

Books	100, 100
Shows	104
Pat Powers	105, 105, 110, 111, 112
History in the Making	96, 97, 100

YUGOSLAVIA PREPARES!

EUGENE DOROSHENKO

In their almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses the Serbs are building a new army for the coming Allied push.

In the rugged mountains and hidden valleys of Bosnia and Montenegro, a hundred thousand Yugoslavs are still fighting Hitler and the Axis war machine. In March last they appealed to the Allies for equipment for their coming "winter offensive." This seems incredible, for Yugoslavia was supposed to have been beaten by Germany in just five days last Spring, mowed down faster than any other European country. But those who are familiar with the country and the character of the people realized that the Serbs would never surrender the freedom which their fathers had died to gain.

They are recklessly courageous soldiers, with a great tradition of armed self-assertion. Generations of them have risen against enslavement, fighting to win their own state, and later risking their lives to rid themselves of Ottoman overlordship. When odds were at stake, they did not set too high a price upon their lives.

Who are these men who will not surrender? They are the Chetniks.

When their country was overrun and their armies broken up by Hitler last spring, the Serbians retreated to the mountains, hid themselves in villages and monas-

teries, and carried on guerrilla warfare against the enemy. At first, they worked in isolated bands, but gradually they have drawn together into a unified army under a single command.

Until a few months ago, when stories of the guerrilla war in Yugoslavia began to leak out, the name Chetnik was practically unknown in the Western world. But in Yugoslavia itself it has long been known and respected. It means "one belonging to an organized group or platoon," or "a voluntary military organization with a pronounced national aim." The fighting slogan of the Chetniks is: "Prepare thyself, O Chetnik!"

And they have prepared themselves. The fathers of many of the present Chetniks were Chetniks too, and fought against the Turks for the liberation of Serbia. When the war was over, they took their guns home and taught their sons to use them. They told them gruesome stories of the war, stories that made fighting so much a part of their world that they could not conceive of life without it. As the Croat poet Maczurinich said of them, "They are accustomed to die."

In spite of the definition of the word Chetnik as "a military orga-

nization," few of the Chetniks actually belonged to any organization at all. They paid no dues, held no meetings, had no regular training. They met at hunting parties or community festivals and practiced target shooting. But all the same, they knew that they belonged to the same group. They knew, also, who was going to be their local leader in time of trouble. They did not know what form the trouble might take or from what quarter it would come, but they did know that they were ready to defend their hard-won freedom should it ever again be attacked.

The Chetniks have a reputation for being bloodthirsty which, according to those who know them best, is undeserved. They are violent, ruthless, merciless fighting men who are dedicated to the restoration and preservation of a free Serbia—and a free Yugoslavia if the Croats, Slovenes, Dalmatians, and other people want to come back into the kingdom.

The Chetniks wear high astrakhan hats with silver skull and bones on them. Red roses are embroidered on black socks which they pull up over khaki trousers. A long knife is stuck into the space between the sock and the boot. Each Chetnik carries a capsule of poison, for it is race-painful to swallow it then to fall into the hands of the enemy.

They no longer take prisoners. As a matter of fact, they never liked to; prisoners must be fed, and the Chetniks have no regular supply line. What's more, prisoners impede quick movement of

troops, and it is essential in the type of warfare which they are waging that they be able to move speedily.

In the first part of the war against Germany, the Chetniks did take prisoners to hold as hostages or with a view to torturing important information out of them. But the Germans refused to recognize the Chetnik uniform and treated all captured Chetniks as spies instead of prisoners of war. The treatment of spies is to hang them to the nearest tree, and this the Germans promptly did, unless the Chetnik swallowed his poison quickly.

There is much speculation as to where the Serbs are securing the ammunition with which to carry on their fight. In addition to their knives and muskets, they have cannon, anti-aircraft guns, machine guns, flame throwers, and, if report may be trusted, a few airplanes. Some of this equipment was hoarded in the chaotic times following the downfall of the official Yugoslav government. Some was captured from the Germans. But arms are still being smuggled in to the Chetniks. According to one explanation, most of it comes in by the sea route. The Dalmatian coast is rugged, full of lagoons and channels which it is impossible to police effectively.

A second explanation is fantastic but not impossible. It is said that the Italians are closing their eyes to the smuggling of arms to Yugoslavia so as to embarrass Hitler from breaking into what Mussolini considered his private hunting-ground—the Balkans.

The leaders of the Chetnik

guerrilla army are brilliant professional soldiers of Yugoslavia. The principal leader, Drago Mihailovich, formerly served on the Yugoslav general staff. His father was a peasant and his family is one of the oldest clans in the *Savanska*, the heart of Serbia. Somewhere in the Serbian mountains south of Belgrade, he has his headquarters directing operations from his tent.

Another Chetnik leader is an author, Dragisa Vossich. He was a reserve officer in the Balkan wars, nearly 30 years ago. Perhaps the most elusive figure in Chetnik legend is Kosta Peckaric, the "grand old man," now about 70 and one of the charter members of the original Chetnik group which fought the Turks.

Just how great resistance is being made by this guerrilla army can best be judged by reports of the action taken against it by the Germans. To save railway lines from being demolished by the Chetniks, the Germans have ordered that all trees within 500 yards of railway lines be cut down. Of Chetnik hostages taken by the Germans, it has been announced that 100 will be shot for every German shot by the Yugoslavs.

Nazi General Dankelmann, realizing that he could not finish off the Chetniks without a very considerable force, asked for seven divisions, but headquarters sent him only three.

Dankelmann's next move was to put General Milan Nedich, the quaking premier of Serbia, at the head of an army of mercenaries. True, Nedich got together a force of 60,000, but it was soon discovered that most of the officers of the Nedich army were secret members of the Chetniks!

Apart from their resistance value in keeping a large number of German soldiers occupied, the Chetnik guerrillas are accomplishing two important things. They are setting an example which people in other occupied countries of Europe are beginning to follow. Already there are reports of guerrilla bands fighting in Czechoslovakia, Albania, and Greece.

But more important still, they are keeping open a third front. The problem of bringing arms, supplies, plants, and even light tanks to the support of the Chetniks is not as difficult as it seems. In the 20,000 square miles controlled by the Chetniks (except for the large cities), there are roads, railways, and airfields. If the Germans continue to retreat in Russia and in Libya, it is possible that the mountains of Serbia may be used as the spring-board for an attack on Germany itself. In the meantime, the whole world watches with admiration as a handful of Serbian peasants continue to hold off the greatest mechanized army in the world.

—*Magazine Digest*, Toronto.



A cynic is one who looks both ways before crossing the open-end street.



"You'll have to change the plot, stick up a new life, alter the scenario and cut out the bit where she says 'You know what you can do with M' . . . beyond that it's O.K."

MORE ABOUT THE JAP NAVY

DOUGLAS JAMES

*Patterned from the British but
with some significant differences*

The entire American naval situation has been dramatically crystallized with the United States' declaration of war against Japan.

And now the question arises—how strong is the Japanese navy? Timely the world watches. Was Japan's Navy Minister, Shigenaga Shimada boasting when he said that his fleet would take all comers?

To say that Japan has 292 warships plus a large and unknown fleet of auxiliary craft means little or nothing. The Italian Navy had 360 warships of a like class, but deep-sea fish and wharf rats are in the best position to get a view of it near. To say that the Japanese navy is, for the most part, modern and well-equipped also means little unless we know what kind of ships it has and who is manning them.

Broadly speaking, the Japanese Navy is patterned after the British, whose ships are speedy, easily maneuvered and of a comparatively high striking power. However, its newer vessels stand much higher in the water than those of any other naval power. Top-heavy in appearance, class for class they are much speedier than U.S. naval craft.

In designing a warship, four things have been kept in mind: speed, maneuverability, armament and fire power. The more you put in of the first two qualities, the less you have of the last two. Japanese ships strike a neat balance. Practically unscathed in four years of war with China, Japan's ships are in good fighting trim.

In 1922, at the Washington naval conference, Japan was told she could have nine battleships.

"But the *Mare* is not a fighting ship subject to scuttling orders," objected the Japanese delegates. "She is a national shrine named after an emperor!" So Japan had ten battleships. Since then she is believed to have been busy building eight more, including the 40,000-ton battle ships, the *Sakaki* and the *Nishiki*, now completed, or almost so.

Submarines are easier to hide and are less publicized, but it is a reasonably safe guess that Allied underwater craft available for Pacific use outnumber the Japanese by three to one, although the 59 admittedly in use by the Japanese could do untold damage before they were eliminated. This is particularly true of the eight super-fish called "submarine cruisers." To make them harder to

spot, some of the 24 second-class "subs" have been painted black.

Added to her battleships and battleship cruisers, 32 cruisers (which include two captured Chinese cruisers), 103 destroyers and perhaps 13 aircraft carriers, it is necessary to mention that she has five refueling ships for seaplanes, two large mine-layers and 23 smaller ones, 18 minesweepers, 12 torpedo boats, 12 submarine chasers, two gunboats, nine river gunboats, and a multitude of auxiliary craft. Under construction are two aircraft carriers, nine destroyers, three submarine chasers, and other smaller craft.

Important as these smaller craft may prove, it is the capital ships that count. If the British could spare six capital ships for use in the Pacific, the balance of offensive power will be so heavily weighted on the side of the Anglo-Saxon nations that the Japanese would have very short shift.

Realizing their comparative weakness, why should the Japanese go to war? The answer is that they are a race of fanatics. And it is this very fanaticism which makes them such good soldiers and sailors.

For several decades Japan has had in force a compulsory military training law which takes in all classes. Under this law, a youth has a choice of serving three years in the army or two years in the navy. Since most men prefer civilian life and are bent on getting over their training as quickly as possible, the navy has more conscript "volunteers" than it can use, and can pick and choose the cream of the crop. Thus in physique, in

I.Q. and in education the navy men rate much higher than the army, which has to absorb all the left-overs.

Japan's "best families," also, paralleling the English tradition, often choose for their sons a career in the Navy. These young men start as midshipmen, and must pass the same examinations as the ordinary conscripts. Thus, on the whole, the Japanese officer is an educated, competent sailor, well-versed in tactics. As much cannot be said for the petty officers. Mostly recruited from the conscripts, they lack the education and initiative of British and U.S. petty officers. With his practical experience as a fisherman, he might know how to sail the boat, but he wouldn't have a theoretical knowledge of navigation to back him up. And his inability to think for himself, to act on his own in an emergency is shared with his men.

Between a petty officer and his seamen there is little of the camaraderie found in the ranks of the democracies. Brass-button conscious, he expects and receives implicit obedience however. And if his relations with his men are strained, his relations with his superior officers are worse. Japan's commissioned men are tough; they are afraid their inferiors will get too uppity.

Three Japanese soldiers fighting near Shanghai refused their unit was in a tough spot before barbed wire. They boded themselves with dynamite and blew themselves and the wire to kingdom come! In the navy, there is plenty of opportunity for equally fanatical courage. For instance, the meaning of "human

torpedoes." A Japanese naval attaché has unwittingly revealed that such torpedoes exist and that men have been trained in their use.

Loaded with charges great enough to blow up a warship, these remarkable weapons hold a crew of two men, who steer them to their target, and although their usefulness has not been tested so far, many believe that they could carry far enough to pass through the protective screening of destroyers and cruisers and reach a battleship.

The two-men submarine is another weapon to which the Americans attribute the loss of the battleship *Arizona*.

How closely the Japanese have tried to pattern their navy after the British is seen even in their dress. They employ the same divisions of rank, the same insignia, but on the service uniform they wear black braid instead of gold, and high collars instead of low ones. The cocked hats, frock coats and swords, of the Japanese dress uniform are the same as in the British Navy which, for so many years, gave advanced training to Japanese officers.

In their ships, too, the Japanese have learned from the British. The first modern Japanese naval vessels were built in English shipyards, and it was not until after the first World War that Japan started building her own.

Good at imitation, but no good at originating, the Japanese copied famous British houses such as Vickers and George Brown to order on the designs. These houses put their men to work and submitted the blueprints to the Japanese who, after a few months

had passed, returned them with a polite note, "So sorry, cannot use."

Before many months the Japanese ships were launched. They were identical in design to the plans which had been rejected! Vickers "caught on," and decided to play a trick of their own. In the next design they submitted, they placed the centre of gravity where no ship's centre of gravity should be. Sure enough, the design was returned and the ship built. On the smooth sea of its launching it kept an even keel, but its first experience of rough weather saw it turn turtle and 169 sailors lost their lives.

Since that day the Japanese have been doing their own designing. One of their latest experiments has been in rivetless ships, fashioned to limit the damage of a blow. The *Hibiki* is Japan's first rivetless vessel, but nobody knows how good it is.

Nobody, for that matter, knows how well any Japanese ships would stand real warfare, for in the whole history of the island empire few naval battles have been fought.

How well it will do in its first major engagement of this war may depend on the morale of its men, which in spite of poor rations, hard treatment and bad living quarters, remains surprisingly good.

Sleeping accommodation in the Japanese Navy is very bad. Told he had to bunk in the stuffy, cramped space allotted the Japanese sailor, the U. S. gob would probably snort. As to food, the rations of the Japanese sailor wouldn't keep his Occidental rival on his toes for an hour. For the most part, he lives all day on a



"Man the post! . . . I'm dazed if I can locate them, but we'll all be ready!"

handful of rice and three small pieces of fish. Only as a special treat does he get vegetables, and meat is a rarity.

There is no rum issue, as in the British navy, but sake, which is drunk warm, can be bought in the officers' mess. The ordinary

seaman drinks rice beer.

On these meagre rations the Japanese sailor is able to lug shells, stow supplies, swab decks and do all the other hard work entailed in keeping a warship in fighting trim.

—*Magazine Digest*, Toronto.



Hill-billies—Modern Style

The other morning, a man I know—call him Brown—who lives in a little town in the North Carolina mountains, was awakened quite early by a pounding on his front door. It was a heavy pounding, and it kept up until Brown had wrapped himself in a bath-robe, got to the door, and opened it.

There stood a mountaineer he knew, who lives some two miles and a half out of town, a big fellow in the upper states, about six feet tall.

"Can I have a word with you, Mr. Brown?" he asked.

"What's up?"

"They got Jim." The mountaineer's eyes were hard, and his jaw was set.

Now Brown knew that Jim, the eldest of five sons, had been doing a little bootlegging up in the hills. So he was not altogether surprised.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "Where did they get him?"

"Hesseltun," replied the old man.

"Hesseltun? What do you mean? What was he doing there?"

"Jim joined the Navy, you know, some time back."

"No, I didn't know," said Brown. "I'm terribly sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I came down about. You know we ain't got no car."

"I know. You can borrow mine if you need it. Can you drive?"

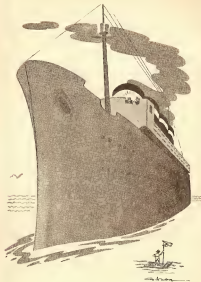
"No, I can't. I wonder if I bring George and Fred down here, you'd run 'em down to Asheville?"

"I'd be glad to," Brown assured him. "When do they want to go? What's doing in Asheville?"

"They got to go right now," ripped out the mountaineer. "They're gone to get into the Navy. They got to secure things for Jim, you know."

And without another word, the plain-speaking, plain-living man of the hills turned away and down the steep and treacherous off on his two-and-a-half mile hike to get two sons of his sons on their way to meet their country's need.—*Business Week*, U.S.A.

Fifty-eight residents of the county home asked the Macklenburg County commissioners to furnish them with false teeth, but the board replied that the cost would be prohibitive. Instead, permission was granted for the purchase of a second-hand meat eater for the home.—*The Daily Province*, Vancouver, Canada.



"He says we'll have to pull overboard!"

THE PAWNBROKER'S SECRETS

LOWELL BRENTANO

The term "pawn," will become a term of no account and opportunities begin the author

I am a pawnbroker. My family have been pawnbrokers in Philadelphia for more than 100 years. To be precise, the doors of our establishment have been open since 1832.

I like to describe the individual pawnbroker as "the last of the economic royalists" because it is the only lending field the Government has not invaded, not even during the depression.

I begin my business career at the age of 11, when my father died, and I had to help mother support four hungry youngsters. Soon I began to develop the "sixth sense" of merchandise valuation which can only be acquired by observation and experience. I watched diamonds being cut and polished, furs graded and treated, paintings cleaned and restored, and I learned that a successful pawnbroker must be a combination diplomat, psychologist, detective, banker, merchant, appraiser, and art critic.

Contrary to popular belief, pawnbrokers do not flourish on the misfortunes of others. A legitimate pawnbroker primarily is in the business of lending money on the deposit or pledge of personal property. He bets that the articles left with him will be redeemed, and that the customer will

repay his loan with interest. In efficiently run pawnshops, about 95 per cent. of pawned articles are redeemed. The unredeemed pledges when eventually sold, usually put red ink on the ledger. Let me show you why.

Most States provide by law that unredeemed pledges must be sold through a licensed auctioneer at the end of the year, and the pawnbroker cannot bid for his own pledges. Now suppose I lend you £20 on a diamond. Usually the only bidder at the auction at the end of the year are pawnbrokers or people in the trade. Obviously they will only bid the wholesale price of an article. Even if I manage to sell your diamond for the amount of the loan, I have to pay the auctioneer a ten per cent. fee, and I lose my overhead and interest.

Times of panic and depression mean more business for pawnshops and more red ink. The poor have no jobs, the rich have frozen assets, and everyone rushes to the pawnbroker. A year passes and he has to auction your merchandise. Those who would normally bid are also short of cash and long on merchandise. If they bid at all the quotations are pence prices.

Pawnshops are not merely storm

shelters for the destitute. Loans of several thousand dollars are not uncommon. Wealthy people, facing broker's margin calls, pawn their jewels and art treasures. I have a number of clients who own bulky, old-fashioned silver, tea and coffee sets and the like. They find that the interest they pay me is less than the cost of the large safe deposit vault they would need to store these objects. In summer, they give me their furs, and balance their interest against storage charges.

That rather furtive looking individual who was here an hour ago is a ticket speculator. He borrowed £40 on his wife's diamonds to use as working capital for a big fight next week. He'll be back the morning after the fight, redeem the stuff, and live on his profits until a hockey match or the opening of an expected smash hit.

Gamblers are always with us, both professional and amateur. The hazardous nature of their calling has accustomed them to keeping on hand a supply of valuables readily convertible into cash. Often they pawn these after an unlucky night and redeem them a few days later.

There are clients with personal problems. A well dressed woman wants a few hundred dollars on a two carat engagement ring. I notice she has a blank eye. She flushes and explains she needs the money to get a divorce from a husband who beats her. She is ashamed to let her wealthy family know about her troubles.

At the other end of the scale is a wealthy man who has kept his jewellery with me for five years,

possibly so that he can plead poverty to the Government income tax collector. Customers who leave their articles in lock year after year are called "sleepers."

One thing few clients understand is our low valuation on articles. "Why, I paid £8 for that, and it's almost new, and you have the nerve to offer me £1, you ——" We hear that a dozen times a day.

I try to explain to them that we must consider not only the objective value of the article, but also its resale value at wholesale prices. When a customer brings me a watch, for instance, I must also bear in mind the condition and style of the model offered me.

Troublesome items are heavy sterling silver candle sticks. A woman drops a pair in. I weigh them and say £1. The woman is furious. "They came from the best shop in town. I paid £10 for them."

I show her that they are stamped "weighted," which ordinarily means that 90 per cent. of the weight is lead or some other base metal. My calculation is based on ten per cent. of the weight being in sterling.

Strangely enough, sentiment plays an important part in valuation. Owners have an affection for their old belongings and pawnbrokers therefore place more confidence in second-hand articles than new merchandise. They assume that you'll be back for your wife's wedding ring, or the family silver.

"Sentiment loans" are often made for far more than the article is worth and yet, in the long run,

we find them sale. A workman's tools, a musician's instrument, a newspaper man's camera, bring far more from us than their resale value. Wedding rings are our special weakness. Innumerable wives and widows come with tragic stories that their husbands paid £3, £4 or £5 for a ring that we can tell at a glance is brass. But, if a woman wants anything within reason, we keep the husband's secret. We know how she feels about her own wedding ring.

Pawnbrokers are all supposed to have chronic dyspepsia, a glum eye and a stony heart. If a pawnbroker speaks of having been gyped, the public's first and only thought is that he has innocently bought stolen merchandise. In a high class pawnshop, this is among the least of our worries. Our close co-operation with the police, our "sixth" sense for trouble, our knowledge, both of merchandise and human nature, are our safeguards.

The pawnbroker's bad dreams are usually caused by "hockers."

A professional "hocker" is a second-hand dealer who buys merchandise at distress sales, pawns it for more than he paid, and then abandons it.

Next week a new musical show opens in Philadelphia and it will probably cost me money. A number of chorus girls will take on "hocking" as a side line.

Yesterday a "hocker" bought a diamond ring from an estate for £10. To-day a charming girl enters my shop and wants a loan on a diamond ring—the same ring—only I don't know it. I say £12. She wants £20—her little

shoes needs an operation. I explain patiently that, if I have to sell the ring, it will only bring me £10 to £11 at most. Her underlip quivers.

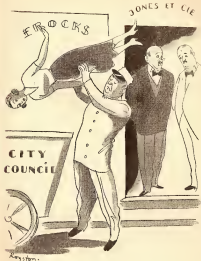
"But you'll never have to sell it. It's my dead mother's ring. I won't rest until I have redeemed it."

Believe it or not, pawnbrokers are susceptible to beauty in distress, so we compromise at £16.

The "hocker" then takes the pawn ticket and pawns it off on another poor sucker, with the usual line: "If that old devil of a pawnbroker lent £16 on this ring, you can bet it's worth double that. But I'm temporarily short, so I'll sell you the ticket for £2." The customer bites and the "hocker" has made £8.

Pawnbrokers are frequently cheated. Diamonds are set in rings in ways that make them look larger. Yellow and off color diamonds are cleaned in bluing, which gives them a lovely color. A watch marked seven jewels is raised to 17 by a crooked dealer. Worthless old movements are put in good cases. And most of the small pawnshops have neither the time nor the equipment to inspect all offerings. They have to rely mainly on their appraisals of the customer.

Years of experience sharpen our wits and teach us how to avoid pitfalls. The owner will take a ring off her finger—a "hocker" generally has it in her purse. We watch them put away the money; if they are careless or put the pawn ticket together with the money, they are probably "sore." A well-dressed cultured man tells me in agitation



"I hate to see her go . . . she's been with the firm for twenty years!"

he needs money on his jewelled shirt studs because his wife is going to have a baby. I think my customer is lying; men of his type don't tell their intimate life to

strangers.

Uniformed men, colored people and first and second generation foreigners, are reliable clients.

—*Nation's Business, U.S.A.*



No Time Like the Present

Take time to live. That is what time is for. Killing time is outside.

Take time to work. It is the price of success.
Take time to think. It is the source of power.
Take time to play. It is the fountain of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly. It is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream. It is hitching your wagon to a star.
Take time to love and be loved. It is the province of the gods.
Take time to look ahead. It is too short a day to be without.
Take time to laugh. It is the music of the soul.
Take time to play with children. It is the joy of joys.
Take time to be courteous. It is the mark of a gentleman.

Santa Fe Magazine, U.S.A.

Deep Predictions

It is impossible to forecast with definite accuracy the future course of the war—now started on its third year—for the good and sufficient reason that its course will be dictated by the successes and victories of one side or the other.—*Sir Robert Gough, in The Glasgow Herald, Scotland.*

The age of Man is threecore and ten, and gosh, the steps he's taking to shorten it!

It's the middlemen who develop a middle.

Shape is not a madhouse. In a madhouse the inmates are kept under control.

Freedom of Speech?

What evil can be imagined greater for a State than that humdrum men, because they have thoughts of their own and cannot act as its, are sent as criminals into exile? What more harmful than that men, for no guilt or worse-deed, but for the generous largeness of their minds, should be taken due compass and led off to death, and that the terror-bed should become, in the signal sphere of authority, the first stage for the public spectacles of endurance and obituary?—*Spencer in 1862*

MIRACLE IN MUSIC

ANN FOSTER

*The notes were swayed of her fingers playing,
then dashed forward at the triumph over debility*

A large car, black and sleek as an eel, slid up to the curb. Seeing the radiant-faced girl alight, the doorman smiled. A miracle would be performed in the concert hall to-night, the kind of miracle that, so far as anyone knew, had never happened before in the history of music. And only a handful of people were in on the secret.

Most of the crowd pointing in at the doors knew they were to hear a slip of a girl play the violin, and play it exceedingly well; a few realized that they were not only to hear a magnificent performance rendered with flawless technique, but this from a child who plays better at sixteen than many serious artists double her age would ever play. But that was all.

The doorman, however, was one of a small group of people who knew that this child had played before most of the outstanding violinists of to-day, and had reduced them all to speechless wonder. That she had exceptional talent fanned to near-genius by her own inner flame of desire they could understand; but to comprehend her triumph over the overwhelming odds stacked against her since birth was beyond them.

The smile on the face of the doorman broadened as the sixteen-

year-old girl, her dark head smooth above a cloud of billowing white tulle, came up the steps. She was accompanied by a short, dynamic man who carried her violin and hurried her through the doorway. He was Alexander Chuhaidin, her beloved teacher.

After a time, the lights were dimmed, the rustic of gowns and programmes died down, and the murmur of voices subsided. In the midst of loud applause, Betty Anne Fischer, carrying her violin, came on to the platform. The clear beauty of her face was heightened by her evident rapture.

As she waited for the applause to die down, she sought and found the eyes of her teacher, and then those of her parents who were sitting next to him. And between them and herself there passed a look of intimate comprehension and joy. They were probably thinking of a day sixteen years ago, when this child was born.

Then the full sweet notes of Fitch's *Chaconne* filled the hall, continuing as it did all the hazards that could possibly be handiaps for incompetent, nervous, or ill-trained fingers. But with almost absolute finesse she was negotiating swift chromatic runs, double-stopping, impetuous staccatos, long-distance intervals, trills, and

occasional catches, all of which are normally beyond the technique of any but the very nimblest of fingers. Yet the child, standing slender as a birch before them now, had not one single complete finger on either hand! Her hands were as deformed (mere little broken stumps) as her face was beautiful. Yet here she was giving a flawless performance that would have been unattainable had her hands been perfect.

Then the audience was swept into the colorful *Symphony of Lala's* which, a show piece, overflowing with emotional episodes and technical difficulties, only served to bring out more clearly the damsel-like quality of her being. Standing before the large audience, she gave the impression that her poise and serenity were gossamer stuff only lightly veiling the timid, conspicuous soul within.

A little over sixteen years ago in Kitchener, Ontario, a woman gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. The boy seemed a physically healthy and perfectly normal child, but his twin was ill-famed and sickly. She had a leg that was not quite the same as the other, a spine that needed surgical attention, and she had no complete fingers on either hand. Just little stumps. She did not look at all healthy or beautiful. . . . The distraught parents hastily retreated from a scene of such disappointment and suffering, taking with them the beautiful little boy and leaving the baby girl to the care of those who might be willing to undertake the grave responsibility.

It was the nuns of St. Mary's hospital upon whom this responsi-

bility fell, and touched by the infant's helplessness they went eager to make her as healthy and perfect as constant vigilance, modern science, and medical knowledge would permit. Together with the doctors, who were at once interested, they set to work. The baby was in their hands for four years, and during that time developed rapidly, with a personality so cheery that she was named "Sunshine Betty" by the many people to whom she endeared herself completely.

During the fourth year, a Mr. and Mrs. Fischer came on the scene. Giving no heed to the fact that Betty had no complete fingers, or that at such an early age they were not to know what kind of a child and young woman might emerge from such an unhappy beginning, they sought to adopt her. After a few weeks, with all the legal formalities settled, Betty became the adopted daughter of two exceptional people who little dreamed what lay in store for their small daughter.

It was not long, however, before they went to have some idea. Betty was five years old when they took her to hear the great violinist, Menuhin, at Massey Hall, Toronto. The child sat with wide eyes, never moving throughout the performance. For nights afterwards, she was unable to sleep for thinking of the music she had heard, and for the hope that she, too, might play the violin.

She spoke of this to her mother, and Mrs. Fischer, looking at the child's hands, shook her head gently and suggested that perhaps, in a few years, when she was



"With your regular salary minus insurance dues, State tax, Federal tax, hospital fund, and the special war tax, I'm afraid you owe us money this week, Mr. Brewer."

a little older, they might discuss the matter again.

Nothing daunted, however, Betty was soon to hear a young man play at a friend's house. Again the same rapt attention, the same hopes within the child's heart. Her mind leaped to ways and means—she dreamed every hour of playing the violin, and spoke of it constantly to her adopted parents. There was nothing in the world they would not do for Betty, but this . . . it was impossible; they were certain of it. Yet how to tell a little mate of five-and-a-half, that no matter how much they loved her and were willing to help, she could never, under any circumstances, play the violin.

Betty, however, needed no sympathy, no explanations of her handicap. For to her, there was no handicap. She had no proper fingers, yet she was absolutely confident that she could and would play the violin.

Finally, her parents decided to see what some violinist might suggest, and took her to a local teacher. He looked at the little broken hands and said quietly, "Impossible!" But Betty didn't know that word, and refused to recognize its meaning. At the age of six years she stood in front of parents and teacher alike and said, "But I am going to play, you see!" There seemed nothing for Mr. Lang to do but agree to give her ten lessons, and then make a decision.

In six months' time, Betty gave her own recital in Kitchener, and so much wonder and acclaim rewarded her efforts that it was un-

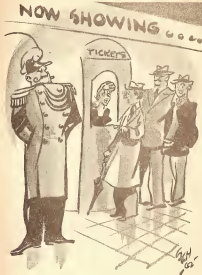
thinkable to do anything but continue her lessons. She went ahead at such a rate, and played at so many small concerts and gatherings, that her parents began to wonder where it all might end.

After school in summer time, she would take her little stand out into the garden, and practice while her mother sat sewing beside her and her friends played with their dolls. "Why don't you stop that and play dolls, too?" they asked. But she went on playing music instead.

When she was eight, arrangements were made for her to play at the Music Festival in Kitchener, at which Alexander Chahaldin was to be adjudicator. He had not heard of the child, and sat busily writing while many boys and girls played. He had decided to whom he would give top marks and the Gold Medal when, last of all, small Betty presented herself before him.

She began playing. Knowing nothing of her handicap, and too busy writing to notice her fingers, the adjudicator, who had heard thousands of youngsters play all over the world, was amazed. Never had he heard such playing from anyone so young. Was this child really only eight years of age? To be sure she, and no other, must get the Gold Medal. He was utterly dumbfounded.

But this initial amazement was nothing to his amazement later when he discovered that the child actually had not one complete finger on either hand. How could she do it? He found himself literally unable to say anything, and Betty was left jubilant with the



"But I don't want a ticket! I tried to walk past the theatre and he told me to stay in here!"

Gold Medal and a beautiful violin bow as a trophy.

A few months later, it was arranged that Mr. Chahaldin should take over her lessons. He entered upon the arrangement with some misgiving, since at that time she was playing a small-sized violin, and he doubted whether when she grew older it would be as all possible to play a full-sized instrument. However, he would give her a few lessons and see.

He did see. He saw to his wonder that he himself had to hustle to keep up with his pupil. He saw that Betty found her hands no handicap. He discovered that, to use her own words, she played "like I run down the street, or bouzou." He found that she had a prodigious memory; that she was determined to be a concert violinist; that she was going to allow nothing to stop her.

Her next step was boarding school in Toronto, and after a year or so of coming home every afternoon to practice, her violin master insisted that she stay at school all day and practice at other times. She agreed to this, and passed through three years' schooling in twelve months.

Now, just sixteen, slender and lovely, she looks forward to more and more practicing, and to learning languages. "Russian," she says, "and Spanish, French, Italian and German—I want to learn them all." Playing a splendid game of basketball and tennis,

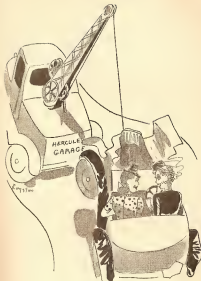
Betty loves to dance, is an omnivorous reader (biographies and travel), and "when there's time" loves to draw and paint. But most of all, she just likes to tuck her violin under her chin and do "the impossible"—play!

Given a volume of Paganini—studies that would take an intelligent pupil with no handicaps whatever three to four months to play perfectly from the score—Betty will be heard playing them perfectly and from memory within a few hours!

"How can I keep up with such a thing?" declares her teacher, flinging his arms wide in bewilderment. "In a few years she will have a complete repertoire, and there will be little anyone can do for her. It is a miracle, I tell you!"

Besides playing with the Toronto Symphony and Conservatory orchestras, Betty has played her violin before almost all the outstanding violinists of the day. Looking again and again at her hands, watching her method of handling her bow, of sensitively fingering the most difficult passages, everyone of them has found himself utterly amazed. The world of music has never witnessed such a miracle. Some say she will play in Carnegie Hall within the very near future, and all of them agree that Betty Anne Fischer has a very great and successful career ahead of her.

—*Magazine Digest*, Toronto.



"Now, as I was saying . . ."

An astronomer says that other pizzas, outside this galaxy, are speeding away from the earth at the rate of several thousand miles a minute. Who blazes them?—*Brassfield Spectator*, Canada.





My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT ANSTROTHER

... HUMANITY

This is going to be about humanity. About the people who live and breathe and go around calling their souls their own and telling everyone they're a part of humanity.

Unless someone can enlighten me, I'm through with it—I'm through, that is, with trying to lighten its burden, and being happiness to it, and increasing its liberty and doing all those damn silly things that eventually lead you up onto a soap box in a public place to squeal about the wickedness of the capitalist—whoever he is.

Until recently, I've always been all for humanity. I wanted social reforms of all kinds.

I was one of those giddy, frenetic-eyed (which is a flesh way of saying fanatic-eyed) gentry who would butt-head anyone on the slightest provocation—or without any provocation—and start beefing about the unequal distribution of the world's wealth. You'd probably be surprised how very many there are of us.

We study social problems. We write. We worry about how to increase the welfare of society. We reel off endless tirades of stuff which everyone avoids listening to.

You go further than this. You write unpopular stuff that stuffed shirts sneer at. You even get yourself branded a fascist, or a communist, or some other name that smells in the refined noses of nice persons.

You are called everything by people who would rather let a dirty insult slip easily off their tongue than go to the trouble of analysing what you are trying to tell them.

You run all sorts of risks of being thrown into chokry.

You are berated at by the politically immature, or taken down verbally by some politically unboiled flatfoot who couldn't even tell you when his country became a Commonwealth. (Not that your correspondence has ever been taken down verbally—so far as he knows. But it has happened to people who have an urgent desire

to see better conditions for their fellow men.)

You get red-eyed, and long-haired, and you become an inhuman being without a friend in the world—outside of other red-eyed, long-haired uplifters.

And where does it get you?

... COATS

You suddenly discover that you are trying to save a lot of coats. Or are you? I want someone to tell me about this. I want to be very sure on the point.

Exactly what is humanity?

Last month, this city of mine (Sydney) was humming with the knowledge that, on the 22nd—or was it the 23rd?—the Japanese were going to bomb the G.P.O.

Oh, yes, they were. They were coming, right enough. And, on that precise day, they were going to start bombing—sure as the devil.

How did they know?

Why, the Tokio Radio had said so only a few nights before. They had come right out there on the air and said that, on such-and-such a day, they would come and bomb our tottering G.P.O.

And the goats believed it.

... OTHERS

Now don't run off with the idea ~~that~~ that this guff was believed only by what we shall call the lower order of the city's citizens.

If you think that, you're kidding yourself.

That story was believed by some who described themselves as intelligent persons. That they are excessively optimistic in their self-

description is neither here nor there.

It was believed by quite a few people of all classes. It was half-believed by a considerable number. It was also, of course, scoffed at by a great many.

But the point is this: Humanity believed it... the damn fools.

And they will believe it again tomorrow if that Tokio Radio cares to tell them. I think they'd lap it up right after night, the same story—that's what I think.

Here are a couple of samples of this stupid rambling.

Just before Anniversary Day (I think they call it Australia Day now; it always takes me about five years to catch up on these overnight alterations)—just a few days before Australia Day, a good lady of otherwise reasonable intelligence told me we were going to get it in the neck from Japanese bombers, come the 26th of January.

"Is that a fact?" I thought she might have known something. I am always ready to listen to someone who knows something.

She nodded. "They're coming in out of the sun."

"How picturesque."

"That's because they're sun-worshippers, you know."

"Oh?"

"Yes. They come in with the sun behind them because they're sun-worshippers."

"May I know the source of your information? I think N.E.S. headquarters ought to be told about this."

"Tokio Radio."

That is one brand of rubbish. Here is another. It came to me from a friend who has a son in Malaya. A woman of her acquaintance approached her.

"Have you heard from Tom?"
"No—no, there's no word."

"Tsk! Tsk! That's bad." Some head-wagging and more tongue-clicking. "Yes, that's bad. He's a pessenger, I suppose?" At this point she would have died with disappointment and exasperation if my friend had said no, he wasn't a prisoner.

"Yes, we're rather afraid so."
"Tsk! Tsk! You know, you mustn't expect him to be the same when he comes home again."

My friend was puzzled. "Mustn't expect him to be the same?" Why shouldn't he be the same?

"Well, my dear, you know what the Japanese do to their prisoners . . . surely you know that?"

"I—I'm rather afraid I don't."
"Well, they operate on them."

"Operate on them?"
"Oh, my dear—he'll never be able to have any children, you know . . ."

Then there was that silly bloody story about the damage and casualties at Pearl Harbor.

It is incredible the number of gents who will take you secretly and earnestly aside to whisper how many ships and lives were actually lost at Pearl Harbor.

Judging by what I have heard, half the population of the United States was wiped out at Pearl Harbor . . . and practically the entire combined Democratic Fleet.

Even the Japanese themselves—an optimistic race given to considerable exaggeration—has never claimed, officially, semi-officially, or unofficially—even a small percentage of the destruction that the wise-guys will tell you about. And it all boils down to this.

... FELLOW MEN

These galsots, unfortunately, are my fellow men. These are the ones I and a lot of others are slaving our guts out to make a better post-war world for.

This is humanity. And I am tempted to say to hell with humanity. Let them continue to look to their fortune-tellers, their star-gazers, their enemy radio stations, and their tummy readers.

The incredible idiots will lap up every scrap of enemy propaganda; but at their own—which, time and again, has been proved considerably more reliable—they sneer.

Why the hell is this?
I'm sure I don't know. Me, I have seen our propaganda machine working from the inside. I know that, in essentials, it tells the truth.

Only a fool will insist that it has no coloring, or bias. It must have. It is telling you your country's angle; its big job is to influence your mind in favor of your country.

But on major points it doesn't lie. Has over the news of the sinking of a ship been withheld—except temporarily for security reasons? Has over a big reverse been—or even small reverses—been hung out of the press?

Once or twice British propaganda has flunked a bit. It colored the imminent fall of France, for example. But I can find no record of any outright, major lie.

And when the time comes to reconstruct this world into something good; when the opportunity is ours to give to the common people that security and fear from war which is their natural birth-right . . .

There I go again. I guess you just can't help it. It gets into your blood, like fawcicking for gold.

And maybe, after all, there aren't so many of these impossible gents who get hold of such crazy notions. Maybe it's just on account of I mix with the wrong people.

... ISLAND

A story is told about some R.A.A.F. blokes and the Taxation Department.

At the time our story is told, the R.A.A.F. blokes, their 'planes, and the island on which they were stationed were all getting something of a plastering from Japanese 'planes.

They were flying long hours, sleeping most infrequently for short, disturbed periods, ditch-diving from time to time, so and when the enemy came over, and generally finding that life was no bed of roses.

But the one bright day in their lives was mail-day.

Every now and then a ship would call in bringing mail.

For many hours the night before this particular mail-day, the

Japanese had been playing up a treat. They came over in droves and—to use a local phrase—"dropped their stomachs."

So, mail-day found the men red-eyed, very weary, a trifle shaken, but happy.

In the mail that was handed to each one of them was a stern, official rebuke from the Taxation Department. It was very stern, very official, and swiftly Taxation Department.

In effect, it said that, unless these irresponsible R.A.A.F. blokes coughed up their Taxation, something most harsh would have to be done about it.

The boys read and re-read these messages in stupefaction.

What they would have liked, more than anything else at that moment, was to be in a nice, quiet, comfortable penitentiary for a long period, where they could sleep undisturbed for anything up to twelve months for non-payment of income tax.

Then, after due consideration, they penned a courteous reply to the Commissioner for Taxation, promising him faithfully that, if he cared to send a representative along to collect the money they would be only too glad, willing and even eager to pay their commitments in full.

With a great amount of ceremony, the letter was posted away to the distant Commissioner.

History does not record whether or not he found a representative to go get the money.

... VISITORS

This is going to be about re-

goss. A good many Continental refugees, I know full well, are turning themselves into loyal grassworthy Australian citizens.

But they are not all like that.

When Hitler banged some of them out of his country he did us a great disservice.

There were those two, for example, whom this correspondent heard conversing in a city train. One was reading the paper. The other said, "Goot Gott! You read yet dey say about us?"

What the newspaper was saying about them was that this country, which had given them refuge, now required them to register for some kind of national service.

The other shrugged and sneered. "Ach!" he said. And if you have ever heard a Continental refugee snarl, "Ach!" in that particular tone of voice you undoubtedly wanted to smack him one, just as I considered smacking him.

Again, there was an occasion when, with a friend of my acquaintance, I was having lunch (at his expense) in a city restaurant. Opposite us were two gentlemen, embittered critics of Germany.

They were conversing softly and civilly in German—which, of course, is against the present rules in this country.

My friend, who speaks German rather better than the average German, seemed somewhat absorbed in his lunch. This was quite peculiar, because that particular friend (a well-known writer whose stuff you have inevitably

read at some time or another) is a particularly talkative friend.

But this time he was very silent.

... BIFF

"Why," I inquired politely, "so quiet?"

He winked. "These two are saying what a rotten, uncultured country this is," he whispered. "They hate the guts of it, and they're going back just as soon as the war's finished. It seems their refined souls just can't stand us."

The Continental gentlemen went on talking.

At the end of the lunch, my friend got up, sighed, carefully wiped his mouth and said in courteous, smooth, precise German:

"You two gentlemen are a couple of vermin-infested something (a wicked word denoting uncertainty of parentage). No doubt your parents were also vermin-infested something."

"I should bear you both to an unhealthy pulp. But that, unfortunately, would necessitate my subsequent decontamination."

"In lieu of that, however, I propose to slap you both on your respective, prominent noses."

With a casualness that was beautiful to behold, he leaned across the table and biffed each one of them swiftly and efficiently in turn, then walked away very calmly with a complacent and beautiful expression on his homely face.

It is a pity that those, comparatively few, Continental slugs should have got into the country.



"... and when she comes in and says, 'Why, George, I am on time, your watch must be wrong,' I'll say..."



AUSTRALIA-AT WAR

... JUNGLE

Many indeed will be the tales of stark heroisms that will come out of Malayan jungles when there is full leisure to tell them.

Here, there is enough material to keep Australian fictionists busy for all the rest of time, when the innumerable stories are told.

But at present, only scraps are seeping out. Only here and there are there any details on which even a scrappy picture can be built.

It is safe enough to say, however, that the story of Malaya is still being written. Little doubt is there that bands of Australians are still roaming the Malayan jungle. Little doubt is there, that, from time to time, a few here, and a few there will continue to rum up at allied ports, or in front of allied lines.

They will come in sampans, and on foot. They will arrive unshaven, dirty, hungry—just as they are still dribbling out of Greece and Crete.

They will all have a story to tell . . . stories of incredible hardship; stories of incredible tallness (some of them); of long treks, and danger, of near-capture, of escape.

Meanwhile, we have to be satisfied with what is known.

And what is known is remarkable enough. Here is a dispatch by a correspondent who saw them fighting in Malaya. He writes of the *Commandos*—those tough, independent bands who roamed at will looking for fight in enemy-occupied territory; who struck silently and savagely wherever they could find him.

There is no more dangerous game—and none that pays higher dividends. For such bands are hard to catch.

... TO DESTROY

"I saw Australian troops in action in North Malaya. They ranged behind the Japanese lines. They had only one object—to sabotage, to hamper his movements, to destroy everything of his they could lay their hands on, and to kill.

"Flattened hard against the damp ground as we sheltered from a Japanese plane overhead, a keen and alert young captain in charge of one of these gallant units told me the amazing story of its activities during the past week.

"It was the modern version of the most romantic tales of adven-

ture and foolhardiness in the reading of which every schoolboy has thrilled.

"The task of these men—there is little more than a handful of them in each group—is a glamorous and valorous one.

"By wags and means best undisclosed, they find their way behind the enemy lines.

"Once there, their future is up to them—and to them alone. They see on their own. They have no boss, except their immediate leader—who, if you know Australians, is not so much a leader (in the strict, disciplinary sense of the word) as a sort of chairman at round-table discussions. He would no more think of trying to boss his men around than he would of deserting them.

... QUICK

"They have to be quick—both on the trigger and on the ran.

"Sometimes they have to shoot their way out. But for the most part they seek to keep under cover, cause the utmost damage of which they are capable, and then return to the comparative safety of our front lines.

"When I saw them, they had just been relieved from a position where they had recaptured an important hill.

"The front was less than half a mile away, but with inquisitive Japanese planes overhead, ever ready to dive bomb and machine-gun, they were simply standing by waiting for further orders.

... BUSHMEN

"All the men in this unit are handpicked—severely handpicked.

And when you get the handpicked pick of Australians you are getting something that is mighty difficult to surpass.

"For the most part, they are a fine and sturdy type of Australian gentlemen, although one of those I spoke to was an 18-year-old city lad from Sydney.

"He was as well versed in bushcraft and as skilled in stalking as the best of them. I don't know how he measured up to the born bushman.

"At one time, one of them distracted my attention for what could have been no more than a very few seconds. When I looked round again, they were all gone. They seem to dissolve right under your eyes, and without the faintest sound.

"They know how to take the fullest advantage of the country for both cover and sustenance. They are ideal troops for this hazardous work in which they are greatly assisted by three Malayan planters who act as guides and interpreters in country unknown to them.

... INCIDENT

"An indication of how far the unit of which I write has so far managed to get behind the Japanese line is given in the story of one incident.

"Effectively hidden in dense jungle on either side of an important road a few days ago, they saw a Japanese staff car bowling along at a nice, even speed.

"How safe the enemy felt himself was indicated by the fact that the car was flying the pennant of the Japanese army.

"A Japanese Major-General was calmly conferring with those of his staff officers who were also in the car. Certainly they were not worrying about aircraft overhead.

"Equally certainly they were not concerned about ambush.

"As the enemy drove through the Australians' position, all hell was let loose.

"Tommy guns and rifles were fired, and hand grenades were thrown. Every man in the unit was dead keen to claim the first victim.

"The whole incident was over in a few seconds. The car swerved, skidded and hurtled into a ditch where it capsized.

"Subsequent examination of the wreckage showed that all the occupants of the vehicle had been killed outright, either by bullets or exploding grenades.

"On this particular sortie, the unit was well behind the Japanese front for several days.

... FIT

"These men are in the very pink of condition. They have to be.

"For the most part, they travel as light as possible, the bulk of their equipment consisting of arms and ammunition, supplemented by a water bottle.

"For food, they depend solely on the country through which they travel. Their ability to do well for themselves is exemplified by their obvious fitness.

"As is only to be expected of a small group of men banded together in such a desperate enterprise as this, the discipline is easy

and the spirit and degree of comradeship such that it is apparent that each and every man has the fullest trust in the willingness and ability of his comrades to 'stick' in moments of crisis.

"There is a story told about one man in one of these bands being killed. He was sniped from a tree outside a certain native kampong.

"His comrades dispersed and disappeared into the jungle.

"But that night they came back again. By sheer luck they had run across another band. And together they surrounded the village and made a revenge-attack.

"The Japanese have failed entirely to comprehend the nature of the men against whom they are now fighting.

"This was illustrated by a leader which they have been dropping indiscriminately in Perak and Selangor.

"The leader is addressed exclusively to Australian soldiers. It says, 'Thousands of your countrymen have been slaughtered on the Perak front. The British will leave you to fight to the last while transports assemble to take them off.'

"The Australians tell me they have found a most excellent use for these leaflets . . .

While ever the safety of this land is in the hands of such men, we have little to fear. They are of the same breed as these hundreds of thousands of others now standing-to, waiting for the Japanese invader to come.

They are tough, hard, savage. Let him have no illusions . . . they are here, watching for him.

BACK FROM THE HELL OF MALAYA



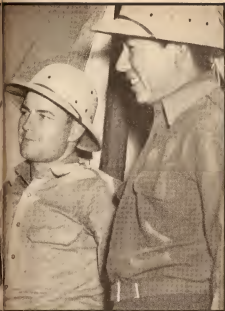
All in, but happy and ready for vengeance are these members of the R.A.A.F. and R.A.F. who escaped from Singapore. These planes were taken, as they were on route to Burma.





SYMBOL OF ENTENTE CORDIALE: ARMY MINISTER FORDE, U.S. PRIVATES

Cavalier, April, 1945 Page 14



Cavalier, April, 1945 Page 55



HOW RUSSIA KEEPS HER SEA LANES OPEN

A party of men usually walk on the ice ahead of the ship to examine the ice and signal to the ship the best line of approach. If necessary, when enormous ice-birds pile up, dynamite is used to break them. Russia has the biggest fleet of ice-breakers in the world. They are exceedingly powerful craft, built exclusively strong to withstand the pressure of the ice as well as the heavy work they engage in. Their hulls are specially shaped in contour, bottom of a form which is designed to resist being "sucked" in frozen in the ice, pressure tends to "squeeze" the hull upwards and not crush the side in, as would happen in a ship of ordinary design. The bow is specially strengthened, and the hull is

THE ICE-BREAKER "YOSIF STALIN" AT WORK

shaped so as to run upwind on the ice surface, until the downwind weight of the hull breaks through. In addition to the twin screws, a third propeller is fitted under the bows, or stern in some instances as well as to float under the bow. The ship was completed at Leningrad in 1939 and has a displacement of 11,000 tons, a length of 161 feet, and a breadth of 72 feet. She is propelled by three sets of steam-operated engines, with Diesel engine propellers for auxiliary power. The total horse power is 10,510 and she has a speed of 23½ knots. She carries three masts and a compass for launching them.

**There is no substitute for morale. If
threat to your country and its cause**

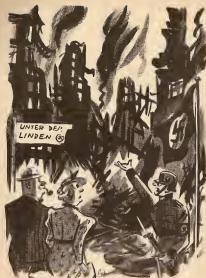
**you have no guts you are a greater
than a dozen enemy dive bombers...**



AUSTRALIANS DID THIS TO JAP TANKS IN REALITY

FAR ERST FREE-FOR-ALL

BY HARRY CIBB



"Can't be true, our allied communists deny it!"

At this particular stage it is difficult to see who has the greatest problems—Japan or us.

We both have a tough time ahead of us; but at least we know where we stand. From the Japanese viewpoint it is not nearly so easy.

They have come to the parting of the ways. They must realize that the first phase of the Pacific War is over—the early, initial phase, that is.

They realize that they have got just about all they can get—and it was no mean all—from their opening bout of blitz tactics. The element of surprise, which took them so far, has got them just about as far as it can take them.

From this point onwards, it will be just ordinary, hard slog-ging. They might win a few more points yet because of our comparative unpreparedness—an unpreparedness that will take some time and energy to repair.

They might make quite a bit more headway, one way and another. But it isn't going to be nearly so easy. They know full well that they have to start fighting from this point onwards. There won't be any more walk-overs as there were at Pearl Harbor, and in Malaya.

The Pacific Democracies, for one thing, has learned something about how they fight, and how

they can be expected to fight in the future.

Of course, we had a most excellent opportunity to discover all this in China—simply by sending a few of our best young officers along to observe carefully and take notes.

But we Democracies don't do things that way. We much prefer the hard way.

For example, we had, too, a superb chance to sum up the nature and methods of the Greater War by sending observers to look at what was happening during that Greater War full-dress rehearsal in Spain.

But there—as in China—we were again too dumb to see that a heaven-sent opportunity was slipping through our fingers. All the other European nations went there—in force—to worry it all out for themselves, to cook up tactics and investigate strategies.

But not us. Oh, no.

So, instead of going along to see what the Jap fighter was made of, and how he tricked—which could have been done, and should have been done, even if we had never had even the faintest hint of a dream that we would one day be fighting Japan—then, the learning would not have been so painful.

But still, we have learned. We have, under the urge of tremendous necessity, learned fast and

thoroughly. And now we know what we are up against.

The Japanese is an odd fellow (that is, of course, looking at him from our point of view. Naturally, he thinks—looking at us from his point of view—that we're odd.)

But, to us, anyway, his psychological make-up is something most difficult to understand.

If you send him into a corner in disgrace with a knife, he will tear his stomach open. I have never, of course, seen this done. But—for purposes of analysis—I should like to know something of his behaviour both immediately before, and during the act.

There are a host of stories—many of them rumors, no doubt—that have come out of Malaya about the Japanese, and his fanaticism.

Some of these stories tell how he throws himself on to barbed wire in dozens so that his comrades can cross safely over his body. This might or might not be true. I suppose it is possible, although it sounds incredibly stupid to me—a stupid waste of life (and no matter what the population, the wasted life of a trained soldier is still a wasted life), because nearly all units of all nations carry equipment to tackle barbed wire.

There are a lot of such stories of fanaticism.

And yet . . . his fanaticism won't support him in the face of a bayonet charge. That has been shown time and again. Nor will the cold courage that it takes to plunge a knife into his stomach support him against a charge.

In short, when he starts to run, he runs like hell.

A friend of this correspondent's who is intelligent and has no reason to lie, had a dental practice in a suburb where a great many Japanese lived.

He has told me that nearly every one he treated cried in fear—cried tears—at the sight of drill and forceps.

I should not have been so willing to believe this unless I had seen it happen—and more than once. So that is the queer mixture of the people we are fighting.

No one, except the Chinese, has fought him for a long while. We have never fought him before. Therefore, he was something of a mystery to us.

But he is a mystery no longer. We know that he does not like to see a lot of gleaming bayonets coming at him—and our men are very good at running at enemies with bayonets.

We know, now, that he does not like to be on the receiving end of bombing or shelling. He is good just so long as the other side is retreating.

That much, then, Australians knew—that man for man, and given anything like equality of equipment and machines, they could knock spots off the Japanese.

That, given leadership, they could belt the devil out of nearly twice their own weight and number of Japanese.

That, given all of this, plus aid from their fellow-Democrats, there was just nothing further to the job. And aid was on the way.

So now it evolved into a race—a race between the Japanese and the Americans. In the north, the



"Humph! If he's got money to buy liquor why doesn't he pay his rent?"

Japanese were being held up somewhat in their creep southwards. They were reorganizing what they had already taken.

But they could not afford to take too much time over that job. Because, while they were doing that, the busy Americans were pumping more and more men and materials into the south-west Pacific.

Yet it had to be done. They could not continue to strike south unless they had reformed their divisions and re-equipped them. They could not come on until they had finished licking their naval wounds and bringing up fresh supplies.

Meantime, Australia waited—not in idleness. And certainly not in fear.

The Australians had a goodly-sized home army that was swelling every day. They had some production facilities. They were, in fact, as prepared (and probably a great deal more prepared), as could be expected, considering their size and the fact that they had been shipping men and material out of their Commonwealth for two years and more.

Given the right design for defence, they probably had enough to keep the Jap very busy for some months when he came. Although they were probably not so well armed as they would have wished, they had quite a big stick, and they had good muscles and a lot of guts to help them wield it.

But they were not alone. That was the great factor that stood out.

The Americans had sent men and machines "in considerable

numbers." That gave the Australians a lot of heart. Then they learned that some of their seasoned, overseas troops had been brought home. That gave them more heart. And, on top of this, there was MacArthur, and there was Bennett—two men who had fought the Japanese and knew him.

To Australians, that seemed to complete the picture. Now they had a growing home-army, growing masses of equipment, good, tried leaders, and some battle-seasoned stiffening.

The figures that should appear beside all these, no one on the outside knew.

How much equipment did they have? How many Americans were there in Australia? How many 'planes did Australia sport now? How many troops had come from overseas?

Australians would dearly have loved to know the answer to these questions. But, so, unfortunately, would the Japanese. So they had to remain unanswered.

But none of this meant that we were sitting pretty.

Far from it. In harsh, simple terms, it meant that we had a reasonable chance of holding an invader—which is a long way from being in a position to throw him back through the Indies to where he came from.

For the Pacific Democracies cannot, for a minute, allow themselves to think purely in terms of defence.

That would be the utmost stupidity.

Every Australian realized that, from the highest to the lowest. There would be no defence, as such. Their defence would consist in going out looking for the enemy, and slipping punches off him wherever and whenever they could find him, using whatever tools and men they had on hand.

But it was going to be difficult.

The Japanese might land at almost any spot or spots on their uncomfortably long coastline. He had the choice of probably hundreds of places where he could land comfortably and almost unharmed.

He might even be able to dig himself in to some extent in a few places, before the opposition had

time to arrive in anything like sufficient force to throw him out.

Of one thing we can be sure: The Japanese knows our coast probably as well, if not better than we do. He has had his sampans out exploring our coasts, and taking soundings piecemeal for many years.

It was MacArthur's job to map up a strategy and dispose his forces in such a way that they would be available to meet him with the least possible delay wherever he landed.

Whichever way you looked at it, that was a gigantic job.

But, if anyone was made for gigantic jobs, it is that same General MacArthur.



No Time to Waste

Marshal Lyauty, the conqueror and organizer of Morocco, once asked me to accompany him during one of his tours of inspection. It was, for the young man I then was, a great experience. The marshal was interested in every aspect of his kingdom—from the welfare of the poor to the enterprises of the rich, from the building of new towns to the proper irrigation of the fields—and he knew just how to make the best possible use of all things and all men.

One day, as we were riding through a forest of gigantic cedars we came to a spot where a storm had uprooted a great many trees. The natives had cut and taken away part of the fallen wood, so that there was a large open space. Lyauty called to his aide the director of forestry, who, with other officials, followed in procession.

"Look here," said Lyauty. "you will have to plant new cedars here."

The director smiled. "Plant new cedars, sir? But it takes two thousand years to grow one of these trees."

Lyauty, for one minute, looked surprised. "Two thousand years?" he said. "Two thousand years? Well then we must begin at once!"—*Andre Maurois in Ladies Home Journal, U.S.A.*

U.S.A. SAFEGUARDS ITS FACTORIES

PAUL KERNEY

*Invisible forces of protective light beams
now surround factories defense territory*

On a pitch-black, rainy night a few weeks ago, a skulking intruder with a jimmy in his pocket crept across the large yard surrounding a war material warehouse. He had managed, undetected by the guardsmen, to scale the high wall. There was ample time, it seemed to the skulker, to rush to the truck entrance of the building, pry open a lock and get inside. He took one more step forward, glanced right and left.

At that moment a tiny white light shone on a panel in the guardhouse and a muffled bell sounded. Guards grabbed their pistols and went into action. The plant is several hundred feet long and has many entrances, but the guards ran unerringly toward the intruder, and nabbed him. Just what he was after isn't clear; he may have been a mere thief, but he could just as easily have been a professional saboteur like those who caused the devastating fires and explosions of the first World War.

To-day, thanks to an ingenious device recently perfected, this man and his fellows are running into a new kind of fence, a fence so one yet has been able to climb or evade. In more than 800 plants, this new barrier, which a man can't see or feel, and can't pass undetected, is

providing subtle and powerful protection. So effective is it that in 73 attacks in recent months, 54 of the marauders were captured, and the other 19 were scared away, empty-handed, by the almost instantaneous arrival of guards or police.

When the man with the jimmy creased that yard, he walked into the most intricate and foolproof booby trap that modern science has been able to devise. The warehouse yard was honeycombed with invisible infrared rays several hundred feet in length. Not even the cleverest saboteur with a full knowledge of the device could tell exactly when a broken beam would report his presence. Since each beam has its own signal in the control room, watchmen always know where to look for the intruder. In many plants the intruder does not know when he has betrayed himself, and quick capture is thus facilitated; in other plants, when a beam is severed pandemonium breaks loose automatically in the form of dazzling lights, shrieking sirens and clanging gongs.

The principle is that of the familiar "electric eye." A beam of light or of infra-red rays is directed at a sensitive bulb, setting up a tiny flow of current

which is amplified by vacuum tubes. When the beam is broken, the current ceases to flow, and a mechanism is set in operation which will open or close doors, or perhaps even sound an alarm.

Until recently, however, these photo-electric devices operated efficiently only over short distances and indoors. Then one day an army major appeared at the laboratories of the American District Telegraph Company in New York—a firm specializing in protection against burglary and fire—and posed a problem. The Foreign Trade Zone on Staten Island was soon to be opened. At the piers within the zone, incoming freighters could transfer their cargoes, without going through customs, to other ships bound for foreign ports. To prevent smuggling it was necessary to surround the zone with sure-fire safeguards. On the land side, a high fence and a force of guards would do the trick, but there remained about 3,000 feet of unprotected shore where vessels had to be prevented from entering without sanction. Solid barriers which would interfere with shipping were out of the question. Wasn't there some sort of light ray, sound ray or radio wave which would serve the purpose? The company turned the matter over to Maxwell H. A. Lindsay, a young Newfoundland-born engineer, who had invented several photoelectric burglar alarm devices. Mr. Lindsay's fence—a bar of light which crosses the water from one end of the zone to the other—was erected early in 1937, and has worked without a hitch ever since.

For this long-distance ray device, a new type of circuit for the receiving end was invented, to make the photoelectric eye respond accurately to a distant light. At the other end, two 20-watt per-focussed lamps with telescopic lenses were used, mounted one above the other. This made a thicker, more powerful beam.

Nothing short of complete blocking by a solid object can break this long-range beam and send in an alarm. Neither birds nor falling leaves can prowling cats. But strong sunlight or marine searchlights may fall upon the receiving end of the equipment without disturbing its smooth performance. The "eye" rejects their powerful glare, and obeys only the signal of its light source over half a mile away.

But the most important part of the whole device is a small metal disk which revolves in front of the lamp, chopping up the outgoing light beam into "slices" so thin that the human eye cannot detect them. The photoelectric eye, thousands of feet away, is adjusted to receive a signal of the same vibration as that served up by the revolving disk, or shutter. It ignores all other lights. No flashlight, however powerful, can deceive this new electric eye when there is dirty work afoot. And if by any chance some super-mind of saboteur solved the combination, the equipment could be quickly attracted to another vibration.

Installed in the grounds surrounding defense plants, the invisible beams add to the confusion of intruders by turning sharp corners. The beam may come

through an inconspicuous hole in the factory wall, with the lamp concealed inside. It may travel 500 feet to a mirror concealed in a recess of the outer fence or wall, which reflects it (still invisibly) at an acute angle to the receiving "eye" concealed inside another part of the factory wall. To keep the mirrors from clouding in damp weather, small electric heaters are mounted behind them. And if a burglar breaks one of the mirrors the alarm would be sounded at once.

The long beams have saved many thieves and prevented great losses in yards where materials are stored. One night in Detroit recently two pickpockets trundled a wheelbarrow across the yard of a smelting plant. Before the barrow was half full the police arrived. At an Akron plant, the beams caught five burglars in two weeks. In four months an invisible fence installed by a Baltimore firm caught ten intruders and scared away eight others who heard the approaching police cars.

While details have not been released concerning actual military and naval uses of the new beams, it is known that the Government has installed them in navy yards, naval bases and army bases—not to take the place of sentries, but to supplement them in critical areas. For an airport they constitute ideal barriers which offer no interference with planes, and they are considered a godsend to such establishments as oil tank farms with their extensive areas.

One of the nation's biggest aircraft plants is installing a huge invisible fence. The invisible rays

are interlaced in a spider web at varying elevations and angles. A brick wall has a beam running along the top so that no one can scale it undetected. Some of the roofs are crisscrossed with beams to prevent breaking through from above.

Not content to rest on their laurels, electronic engineers are constantly testing the long beam and planning new uses for it. Last summer an infra-red lamp was set up on a New York roof two miles away from a photoelectric cell, with perfect results. At present, the long beam is effective under certain conditions for distances up to three miles.

At present the limit to the length of beam which can be used lies not in the device itself, but in the nature of the terrain to be protected. Because of the size of the average factory and because of elevations in the ground, most beams now used in defense plants run from 300 to 700 feet; but the same beams would be effective over much greater distances. At sea, the length of beam which can be used is limited by the curvature of the globe. With a beam more than three miles long, sending and receiving devices must be mounted several feet in the air to get the beam "over the hump." A longer beam would allow boats to "crawl under the fence" at each end.

A number of possible uses are obvious to engineers. With equipment mounted on camouflaged trucks, an invisible ray can be placed across the approach to a military position, and connected with guns so that they would auto-

matically open fire upon an advancing enemy force. Mines at harbor entrances can be discharged in the same manner. The present use of short beams to detect smoke in warehouses suggests that beams miles in length might be employed as forest fire detectors.

Meanwhile the new fence is not only catching burglars and potential saboteurs every day, but is nabbing them with such split-second speed that they never have a chance to collect the dubious wages of crime.

—*Science News Letter, U.S.A.*



Hold Your Tongue!

An unexpected bomb was recently removed from the churchyard of a small parish on the South Coast. The vicar, realising the damage which might have been caused to his church, and possibly to the village and its inhabitants, told a special therapeutic service at which he mentioned that the bomb was found to be a "dud," and therefore could not explode. Some time later he was accosted by a stranger in the village, who reminded him of the service.

"I have come to tell you, sir, that you are a fool, a monster, and a traitor to your country!" said the newcomer, in grave tones.

"But, good heavens, man, what did I do or say to warrant such language?" queried the agitated clergyman.

"You said publicly that the shell had been dropped by a lone runner on a given date. This enabled the Germans to trace both the machine and the factory from which the shell was issued. Inquiry was made concerning the quality of other shells emanating from this factory, with the result that a certain percentage were found to be worthless."

"The Church workmen were consequently forced to face a firing squad as a result of your revelation, and one of them was my only brother!" remarked the visitor as he turned upon his heel and walked quietly away.—Quoted by *The Times*, London

Temperatures—

While soldiers, stripped to the waist, are trying to keep cool in the burning plains of the Western Desert, armies flying over it at high altitudes just can't get on enough to keep the cold out. Here's the outfit Edward Ward, R.N.C. radio reporter put on when he went on a reconnaissance flight over Libya. All his wardrobe: ordinary clothes, two extra thick jerseys, an inner flying suit of heavily padded silk, an outer fleece-lined leather flying suit, special cold-weather preparation for the hands, loose-fitting gloves and leather outer gloves. Not to mention a Moss West and parachute harness. Even then the poor man was bitterly cold when they sat up about 13,000 feet. And when the red-runner landed he shivered like a poor fellow. *STN—London Office, England*

PIRATE OF THE GULF

LT. COL. SIR LIONEL HAWORTH

The road to Iran and Russia once made possible by the rule of the British Navy

A car was chugging along the mountain side and it was in trouble. The radiator was bulging and the road deep in sand. Then the car stopped. An Englishman got out and spoke to the Russian driver. The latter shook his head gloomily. The Englishman, sitting on the running board with his chin cupped in his hands, considered the odds.

Nothing to drink since the night before and no water in the water bottle. No water for the radiator—the little which remained was boiling away. No water on the road and no hope of any till the next half fifty miles away.

For twelve hours they had drunk nothing, going through the heat. Suppose the car seized up. What then? He got up, took two cups from the car and drew some of the very unappealing radiator water, still almost boiling. Both sipped the unpleasant hot beverage and felt the better for it.

"Fill the water bottles with the fifth and we'll walk," said the Englishman. "If we're going to tramp in this sun we must have something to drink."

"That decision I feel sure saved our lives," he said later, as we sat over an iced whisky and soda.

There were no motor cars when

Alexander the Great marched from India to the Persian Gulf, but many of his army had to face a similar want and many, many of them died of thirst, as men still do in Eastern Iran. Many of them have found clear running streams of water—but they are salt.

The Portuguese who, three hundred years ago, lived on the island of Hormuz, famous in poetry for the "Wealth of Ormuz," had had the same problem. They built underground reservoirs which to-day look like ruined churches, to catch the scanty rain water, but the rest of their drinking water for 30,000 people was imported by boat, as it still is for the bigger town of Koweik, near Basra.

As you enter the Persian Gulf the rocks on the southern or Arab coast rise to a height of 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and enclose on each side two great inlets making magnificent harbours, though had anchorages. The spot is one of the hottest in the world. The bare rocks reflect the sun and throw off the heat long after sunset. With the wind off the desert I have known the temperature go up at midnight. It is here that Telegraph Island is situated, where in the early days of the cable they pointed a telegraph station. They

had to move it. The man all went mad.

Further along the rocks fall quickly to the desert level, and the sandy coastline is indented with lagoons connected with the sea which were, till not so long ago, pirate strongholds. It is difficult for people in England to realize that there are still people who would be cut-throat pirates to-morrow if it were not for the British Navy.

During my stay in the Gulf—it is always "The Gulf" to those who live there—there were very few Sheikhs who had not acquired their position by shooting or otherwise "liquidating" some near, and dear, relative, and their methods are never very tender. I remember one young Sheik who had usurped his uncle's place. But even his own supporters found him a bit trying. When he discovered a plot to replace the old man, with which some of his servants were connected, he blinded six of them with red-hot needles.

The next Sheik along the coast died and left four sons. The second son thought he would make a better Sheik than the eldest son who had inherited—so he asked his brother to dinner and, as he left, shot him in the back and took over. The same idea occurred to the next brother, who carried it out in every detail, and it was this third brother whom I knew. He had death written on his face from the day I met him. He lasted a year and then the fourth brother made a nephew shoot him. The

nephew rules and the fourth brother rules the nephew. He finds it safer.

So the British Resident sees that no armed ship ever puts to sea and the Navy always remains on duty. I remember an American Missionary arriving who was full of ideas on British oppression of subject races. At the end of six months he asked me why we tolerated such iniquities. Why can't you bring them civilization? he demanded. "What about oppressed races?" I answered, I'm afraid, with something like a grin.

Actually we have traded in the Gulf for three hundred years, and have policed the seas for half that time, but we have steadfastly refused to acquire one inch of land or to accept any responsibility on the sheet.

It was our merchants who first fought the Portuguese, the French and the Dutch for the freedom of the seas there. Now we are arming our merchant ships for their protection. Three hundred years ago the merchants armed themselves and fought as stoutly for their rights as they are fighting to-day. One sometimes wonders why they thought it worth while. The answer is simply that it was in the English blood to adventure.

Look to this. It is from a merchants' report dated 1630: "Seven of their friggets following the Beete and taking advantage of the separation of one single shippe from the rest very boldly attempted her with fireworks, etc., but she (prepared with the like) both acquitted herself of the danger and even by their own

element of fire directed by the just hand of God consumed 5 of the 7." Now this is not a description of a naval affair; it is in a normal passage of merchant ships.

But "the Portuguese" fought well at times, though it must be confessed that our ancestors gave as good as they took. In 1606 it is stated "the returns nearly doubled the capital, a result which was rather due to successful privateering than to honest trading."

But it was piracy which brought the Navy to the Gulf. One of the Sheiks thought that piracy would be "a good thing." It was. He made a success of it and others joined in. In the end they had sixty-three big ships carrying up to 400 men and 800 smaller ships, which in all carried no less than 19,000 men. Imagine a fleet of 19,000 pirates!

They sailed, in open order covering one hundred miles, across the Indian Ocean and down to Zanzibar and closed in on the quarry as they found it. Sometimes they let traders go, telling them to make more profits for them to take, but generally they made them walk the plank or cut their throats. When some parties were taken, one of them was asked what he thought would be done to him. "The same as we should to you," he replied. "You will cut our throats and throw us overboard." It didn't seem to worry him much. It was part of the game and they fought bravely.

The famous English pirate, Captain Kidd, took a hand in his ship, *The Adventure*, and Captain Avery, equally well known in his day, captured a large ship be-

longing to the Mogul Emperor, with booty amounting to £325,000.

When piracy was suppressed in the last century, the honest Arab captain, looking for employment, took to the slave trade, but here again he ran up against the Navy, though as a matter of fact some slavery still exists. One of the last official duties I performed was tracing twenty-one men and women who had been sold on the Arab coast. The women had been given to slave husbands when I recovered some of them.

But the sheiks are now in treaty with the British Government and have turned their attention to the pearl trade. The Gulf supplies the best pearls in the world, and the great pearl which Cleopatra dissolved in wine and drank, and also the necklaces she wore, certainly came from the Persian Gulf across the desert route from Baghdad, where to-day our tanks and motor cars drive in the course of their patrols. Every pearling season the former pirates and slave dealers put out with their divers to the coasts of the Bahrain Islands in their efforts to supply the jewellers' windows of London, Paris and New York.

It is an interesting thing that they also dive for fresh water to drink. There are springs in the sea which are so big and so strong that the divers carry with them leather bags which they can fill before the water becomes salt. I have seen such a spring on land which flowed out as a small river. Another curious fact is that though the water teems with sharks—there is, indeed, a trade in sharks' fins for China—the pearl



"Wep. Healy, the nasty suggestion is making our poor little boy work in the kitchen!"

divers have no fear of them, though they are terrified of the severed fish.

But pearls have had a slump and the wealth of the Gulf is now in petrol. On the Persian northern coast, this was discovered some years ago, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was the result. It is from this oil that our fleet and our army in the Middle East and Iraq is supplied, but oil has been found at Kuwait, on the Arab coast, and is being produced in the Bahrain Islands. So now the Gulf is richer than ever it has been.

The story of oil is as romantic a quest as piracy or pearls. There

was an Englishman who spent years digging for water in the desert—at least that is what he said—and he found good water, too—till one day he found the oil. So now he does what he really likes. He has a farm in England.

The Persian Gulf has always been a land of romance since the days of Sinbad the Sailor, and its safety and its prosperity have been bought with gold and blood poured out by the British, who have never owned one foot of land by its troubled waters. But they have kept open for us to-day the road to Iraq and the road to Russia.

—Everybody's Weekly, London.



War on Chain Gangs

An independent grocer moved in beside a chain store and almost at once there began a price cutting war. The chain store put sugar on sale at 20¢ a lb. The independent put it out for 10¢. The chain store cut the price again a few days later. The small grocer calmly cut his price to 15¢. And so on until the chain store was selling it for 14¢ a lb.

An inspector of the chain store noticed this competition and decided to investigate. Pretending he was just a customer, he wandered into the small grocer's and bought a couple of small items, meanwhile dropping the grocer into conversation. "And how is business?" he asked. "Oh, fine," replied the grocer heartily. "But I notice you are selling sugar very cheap. How do you manage to make a profit at that rate?" The grocer smiled at the man and said: "A customer comes in . . . she buys various things fruit—canned goods, beer. Then when she asks for sugar, I quickly send her clerk over to the chain store where he gets it for 14¢ a lb."

—Magazine World Toronto

What Next

Some morning from 65 for a Lead Girl's kiss to 1780 for a bullet have been raised at swanky soirees for the Red Cross Agliskere Fund. Lead Girls have found a quick demand for kisses and also for the right to take them out is in for 17/16/-.

—The Gloucester Citizen, England



"Now, take it easy. Don't take it easy. Quick! You're hurting. Quick, take it easy, will you?"



CAVALCADE

Presents

Editorial ☆☆☆☆

Most urgently needed of all qualities in this Commonwealth to-day is reliability.

Without it, the war is lost so far as we are concerned. With it, like faith, mountains can be moved, an enemy thrice our strength can be thrown back.

It is no one-track attribute. It must obtain in everything we do, everything we think, everything we say.

An unreliable Australian is one who will pass on unfounded rumors—rumors of any kind, which he knows, or guesses to be rumors.

No reasonably intelligent person can fail to recognise a "piece of information" as rumor. At one time or another, nearly everyone has passed on such scraps—knowing in their hearts that what they have said is only hearsay, and therefore, wide open to suspicion.

True it is that, if we cannot be relied on to turn a deaf ear to these matters, we are unreliable Australians—at least to that extent . . . perhaps to a greater extent.

Rarely, to-day, do Australians

think in defeatist terms. There are a few, yellow-streaked scarecrows who do. But their numbers are mighty few, and they exist in every large community, whatever its color or nationality.

Nevertheless, we must think in terms of offence—not simply in negative terms of confidence in defence. Only thus can Australians make themselves mentally reliable.

In thought, a reliable Australian will concentrate, with every ounce that is in him, on the job in hand, whatever it be—training, shooting, munition-making . . . for every job being done to-day by Australians is aimed and destined towards bringing this World War towards a quick, successful end.

No time is this for half-measures in thought, word, or deed. Our enemies have set the pace at a total-war tempo. We can do nothing less than outstrip the tempo they have set, out-work, out-think, out-fight them at their own game. Anything less than this is and must be part of a design of defeat.

Only one course is open to us:

To win this fight that has been forced upon us. There is only one way to do that—for each and every Australian to equip himself with reliability, to concentrate heart and soul on that one job of winning, to obey—not in complete blindness as is the Totalitarian way—but without hickering or foolish questions whenever orders are given him.

Writes Elbert Hubbard:

"Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the price of every other good thing, including steam-boating. To keep this steamship moving, the captain requires the assistance of hundreds of people who have a singleness of aim—one purpose—a desire to do the right thing and the best thing in order that the ship shall move steadily, surely and safely on her course."

Curiously enough, there are men constantly falling overboard.

Folks who fall overboard are always cautioned to keep away from dangerous places, still there are those who delight in taking risks.

The Balanced Review is born, its editorially honest pen of "The Insider." Its aim, primarily is its probing. Its mission, too, is to probe. It is unswervingly hostile towards history of editorial expression and unapologetically honest the screening of sensibilities.

"When a man is told to do a certain thing, and there leaps to his lips, or even to his heart, the formula, 'I won't bled to do that,' he is standing upon a greased plank that inclines towards the sea."

"When the plank is tilted to a proper angle, he goes to Davy Jones' locker, and nobody fills the fatal plank but the man himself."

"And the way the plank is tilted is this: The man takes more interest in passing craft and what is going on on land, than in doing his work on board ship."

"Those who fall overboard get on the greased plank and then give it a tilt to starboard. If you are on a greased plank, you better get off from it, and quickly too. Loyalty is the thing!"

A neat summing up is that last sentence . . . Loyalty is the thing. Yet complete loyalty, to your cause, your country, your ideals of freedom, cannot be achieved if personal, individual reliability is lacking . . .

That, we have . . . is everyone.

The Pacific



... PROBLEM

In March, Australians had no delusions about the problems, dangers, difficulties ahead of them. They knew, full well, that their country was in danger, that only stout hearts, strong muscles, tireless work, intelligent leadership, help could save them.

But... they were becoming more-and-more convinced that things were not so black as they had looked for the two past months.

That their hearts were stout needed no examination. Even their worst enemies would concede them that. Many have been the tributes (glowing or prodigal) paid to Australians by enemy soldiers, politicians, and leaders all over the world for three generations. There was no reason why their hearts should desert them now.

That their muscles were strong, too, needed no elaboration. They were a lazy crowd, given to lying for long periods in the energy-sucking sun. But that sunbath had also given them strength. And once they were awake, that strength would send them in good stead.

And in March they were awake. They were fully awake. Off had come ardent gullion coats. Into the job of winning the war had gone every single son of an Australian, from the youngest to the oldest.

They were working tirelessly, training to fight, hardening up. In the space of a few short weeks a tremendous change had taken place.

At March's end, they nearly all had the coats off. And there was still a further stripping-off. There was talk of rationing some things—a meagre long overdue; for, until a reasonable maximum civilian consumption was set there would always be industrial waste—that is, wastage of men, machines, materials who could well be used for more important work.

That there was intelligent leadership, none could dispute.

From Malaya had come Australian Major-General Gordon Bennett, fresh from contact with the wily Japanese, whom he now knew so well; fresh with up-to-date information about how to fight them; fresh with the knowledge of all their tricks, bluffs, shortcomings.

From battle-swept Bataan came American General MacArthur, with a selection of his men—men who had helped him keep the Jap at bay for many a weary week.

They knew what the Jap did not like, they knew how to give it to him. On their besieged peninsula they learned every trick the enemy had to show. And, most important, they had learned how to counter them.

That some help had come and more was on the way, Australia-

shire knew. It was coming in a constant stream.

Perhaps that, more than any other single factor, made Australians confident.

Providing they had been solemnly promised help, they, alone and unaided would be able to hold the enemy until it arrived—no matter if it took months to arrive—more months than they cared to count.

But it would not take that many months. And they knew, for sure, that they could and would hold on until a great offensive force arrived.

... REALISATION

In effect, March marked the first signs of the passing of the Pacific Democracies' stunned surprise which left them spluttering, near-helpless after the Pearl Harbor attack.

In that attack, they were winded. They had still not got back their breath when the nippy Japanese began streaming through Malaya.

They were still gasping when the efficient Japanese started their attack on Java.

But last month they could see where they stood. They were beginning to realise what they wanted, where their counter-offensive base would be, how they must reorganise industry, what shape their strategy would take.

... CHINA

In this strategy China would take no small part.

One of the United Nations' biggest problems was China. It had none—an almost limitless

source from which soldiers could be recruited; men who had proved themselves in actual battle; populations who, no matter how beaten, battered, could still stand up to the invader and fight back at him.

But China, long on manpower, was deplorably short on arms, munitions, supplies.

No one denied the Chinese their almost unbelievable heroism. No one belittled the tremendous effort they had put into their struggle against the invader.

But, if the Pacific Democracies were to face the grim onrush of war; if they were to see the fight in its proper perspective and plan intelligently for the future, they had to evaluate China accurately.

They had to ask themselves how much of China's claims were true, how much had been handed out to heighten the civil mission.

For instance, there was the battle of Changsha, early in January. Correspondents had known—although they had given little publicity to the fact—that this and similar battles had been greatly over-rated.

Said Sydney Morning Herald's correspondent: "Chinese claims were 70,000 Japanese killed, and some non-Chinese observers expressed the opinion that this was excessive, and the truth was probably 30,000, but observers on the scene now report that this was completely incorrect."

"They must take 1,000 to 2,000 would be nearer the truth, and that the Changsha battle—the fourth in that place—was merely a raid by the Japanese to acquire Chinese foodstuffs stored there

after the harvest, and that that is all any of the battles for Changsha have been. This may be an extreme view, but it is said to be based on actual observation."

If the Democracies were to get anywhere, they had to refine and take into account these things. They had to know exactly what they were doing, precisely where they were going.

They had to face up to many another similar disillusionment.

... FACT

Fact was that China had to be organized, just as all other Pacific nations had to be organized.

Chinese factories for the manufacture of munitions amount to practically nothing. That they have anything at all is a little short of the miraculous. But their hand-fact machinery, set up in caves, in secret places, in hidden buildings, in forests, is negligible against the war's tremendous background.

Across the much-bowed Burma Road, only a limited amount of help ever went to them—limited, that is, compared with their requirements.

Except for soldiers and stout hearts, China, with the rest of us, starts off from scratch.

The reorganization of this nation for high-speed, modern warfare is a tremendous job. From here, as from Australia and India, the counter-offensive must be launched.

To do this, we need their men. To help us do this, they need our arms and equipment. Between us, we have the makings of victory.

... AT SEA

At sea, too, the Democracies had their problems.

In a nutshell, that problem took the form of one question. How to convey men and machines into the Asiatic area, take offensive action against Japanese bases and encroachments, stir hell out of Japanese naval units, do guard duty on and around the American west coast, New Zealand coasts, Australia's eastern coastline all at once.

It was no small job. And before we were finished with the problem we would probably suffer a lot of disappointments, a great many heart-burns, more than a few scars.

During March, U.S.A.'s Admiral Hart gave out a clear, unprejudiced, realistic account of just where his country stood in the Pacific sea-war.

Said he: "During this campaign, since we never have had superiority in the air, the advantage of information from air reconnaissance has been with the enemy."

"Consequently, American cruisers and destroyers were never able effectively to participate in direct opposition to the enemy in the northern waters of the Philippines."

"The American cruisers and destroyers, therefore, withdrew to the southern portion of the area, and generally operated in conjunction with the Dutch and British naval detachments as quickly as the necessary arrangements for this could be made."

"For more than two months after the first Japanese attack, the Allied naval forces had great com-

mitments in guarding reinforcements that were being brought into the area—particularly to Malaya.

"Actually, over that period the fleet guarded a total of ten convoys which carried troops and war materials into Singapore alone."

... DIFFICULTIES

"Those duties appropriated practically all the services of the British cruisers and destroyers, many of the Dutch, and some American ships of that type."

"However, as the enemy's advance continues and progresses, his distances from bases and the length of his communication lines increased."

"There was a consequent reduction in his power, irrespective of the size of his forces."

"It was during these latter stages that most of the combat involving Allied cruisers and destroyers took place, and damage to the enemy was probably increased."

"As a consequence, in the end it amounted just to that—of doing as much damage to the enemy as possible, since he was able to retain the initiative throughout, and was always able to dispose forces superior to our own."

"The greatest striking power of America's Asiatic Fleet lay in submarines. Again, according to plan, those submarines were operated from Manila Bay as long as was possible."

"This period was much shorter than had been expected, because the same old thing happened—enemy control of the air."

"Nevertheless, our own submarines continued to seek out the enemy at all the best hunting grounds, regardless of the location of their own bases."

"The Dutch possessed only a limited number of submarines, and some of them were very effective in the early stages of the campaign, but as is well known, the Allies were never able to stop the Japanese advance."

"Compliments made of enemy losses by the Navy Department are good, and as already given out, show that the enemy's losses in ships of various types, coupled with his limited capacity for replacement, are bound to be a subject for his future concern."

"Unfortunately, the Allies also have had losses, but, with the exception of the *Repair* and *Prince of Wales*, they are not serious from a comparative standpoint."

"The American Asiatic Fleet has been involved in the loss of the campaign, but the war continues. And much of that fleet assumed by what is now veteran personnel, remains to assist in carrying it on."

In short, position of the Pacific Democracies could be summed up: They had the men and the productive capacity that made for overwhelming victory. Could they marshal them in time, could they hold the enemy long enough to organize?

That job was Australia's—to hold them long enough. If they failed, the war was lost—or, at best, a long, hazardous, bitter business. If they held, it was as good as won.

International ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

... MOVING

In Europe, something was moving, slowly at first, gaining speed, as a tiger wakes from sleep.

Exactly what was happening, Europe's common people could not quite see. All around them they could sense this restlessness, but few of them could see all—or any—of the pieces that went to make up the whole picture.

From Germany came signs of movement. There, something was doing. From Russia came other signs, and from Britain.

Meanwhile, there were a great many under-currents, and cross-currents. That something big was in the air seemed obvious. But what was it?

Britain

... CRITICISM

In Europe, very soon, it seemed, the war's crisis would be reached. According to those who know, and those who claim to know, Germany was getting ready to throw everything she had into one last, desperate fling.

In Britain, the people were clamoring for equality of action that would not only match Germany's forthcoming do-or-die effort, but overwhelm it.

For, unless Germany was pushed well under during this European summer, at least one more year would be lost; and Britain thought enough years had been lost already.

All over the country, for weeks, there has been a recurrent agitation for action, for more and more action, for a second front—for offense.

Many a Britisher was none too sure that his country was doing all it could. Whether right or wrong in this interpretation, they were showing at least the right spirit.

As an example of such criticism, they pointed to an issue of New York's *Liberal New Republic*.

Its blunt bolder: "There is one point about the present British position which is disturbing many Americans, and it is time to speak of it frankly.

"There are in the British Cabinet, or in affiliated high posts at the present time, several men who have a record of many years' bitter hostility to Russia.

"We do not impugn the motives or sincerity of these individuals, who have made no secret of their position.

"They include such figures as Viscount Simon, Lord Chancellor; Sir Samuel Hoare, Ambassador to Madrid; Lieutenant-Colonel John T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister for Aircraft Production; the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State; Captain H. D. Morgenson, Secretary of State for War; Lord Woolton, Minister of Food; Sir H. Kingley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many others.

"In normal times, the attitude of such men would not be so important, but obviously, with the

entry of Russia into the war, its whole ideological character has changed.

"Some of these men patiently hoped in 1939 and earlier that a German-Russian war would make a conflict in the West unnecessary.

"Some of them, again, wanted such a struggle to end in a German victory. These men now profess to have had a change of heart.

"But as long as they remain in high places, many people both in Britain and America, are bound to ask whether their change of heart has been as miraculous as they say, whether it would not be better to substitute for them, people with a better record."

... REASONABLE

It was by no means unreasonable to assume that some of them had, indeed, undergone "a change of heart." Little doubt is there that they had, with such Germans as Fritz Thyssen, watched the National Socialist Government, in its earlier stages, adopt a conservative shape. And along with Fritz Thyssen, they were fooled by the outward evidence.

Said Thyssen: "In January, 1933, the National Socialist Party, to which I had belonged for two years, came into office.

"I thought, like everyone else, that it would succeed in re-establishing the political equilibrium and, at the cost of a hard initial effort, in promoting the recovery of the country.

"I even hoped that it would finally lead to a restoration of the monarchy, a system which conforms to the German people's traditional respect for authority.

"The monarchy, I thought, would have guaranteed a more or less normal evolution, and thus would have averted a revolutionary crisis.

"My disappointment dates almost from the very beginning of the Nazi regime. Hitler's evulsion of the conservative elements from the Government, of which he was the head, gave me some cause for anxiety. But I was inhibited by the impression produced by the burning of the Reichstag.

"To-day I know that this crisis was staged by the National Socialists themselves, in order to gain more power.

"Throughout Germany, they spread the fire of armed Communist rebellion. They induced the belief that this arson, organized by themselves, was the signal for the second Red Revolution which would have precipitated the country into the bloody convulsions of civil war.

"I then believed that by their energy Hitler and Goering had saved the country. To-day I know that I, like millions of others, was deceived.

"But almost all Germans are still in the same state of deception, if so be they inhabit the Reich. In order to learn the truth I had to go abroad. . . .

"For my own part I have drawn my conclusions, and I have acted accordingly. But I hope and believe that the peace which will follow Hitler's downfall will be concluded in the light of the experience gained since 1918.

"This story of the political error which led me to believe in Hitler, and of my awakening, is my

contribution to a better future."

... AWAKENED

That at least some of these named, and other unnamed British leaders have, like Thyssen, also seen the light by now it is quite reasonable to suppose.

That some still stick stubbornly to their views, would still rather Hitler's comparatively conservative hand rather than Stalin's Communist paw, goes without saying.

Truth is that such people exist.

Who they are, where they are, their number, strength, influence is probably not known to anyone. In that event, Britons realize that they cannot afford to harbor any one of them—whether or not their views have changed, whether or not they insist that their views have changed—in fear of harboring a disguised viper.

All must go.

In a recent reshuffle, Minister Churchill got rid of some of them, still retained others.

... ECONOMY

In economics, too, Britons wanted more vigorous action. They insisted that their Government had failed to restrict unnecessary public expenditure.

From some circles came hints that, under the influence of unorthodox economist J. M. Keynes, the Government was about to introduce compulsory saving.

There were whispers, too, that an investigation into bank deposits was already being made, that the Treasury had asked the clearing banks to supply simple figures showing increases and decreases in

private balances during the year ended 30th June last.

According to these whispers, there was no need for excitement; there would be no breach of confidence, no revelation of the condition of individual accounts.

Figures supplied, however, would be used by Treasury experts to decide the best means of persuading depositors to reduce their accounts to a bare minimum for current needs, and to invest their surplus in Government securities.

... POLITICAL

On the political front, too, there was some undercover activity.

If it was to be completely a world war, the world's nations had yet to line up completely together, both politically and militarily.

The sub, which was also a rub. That Soviet Russia was not yet at war with Japan, could scarcely be expected to join in that war unless she was offered at least some sort of political unity with the Conservative democrats.

Said Britain's *New Review*:

"When Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt met this summer on the high seas to draft the Atlantic Charter outlining the Allies' plans for a free world after the war, no account was taken of Russia's desires in the matter.

"By last week it had become obvious that before the Soviet could be expected to renounce its pact of neutrality with Japan and throw in its lot with Britain and the U.S., Russia would have to be invited to associate itself with the Churchill-Roosevelt scheme for re-

building the world, and that Britain and America would have to pledge their world that, after victory, the great Allied powers would remain as closely linked as in war."

Although unity of the United Nations was coming along slowly, it still had to come along a lot further.

Fortunately, at least two men in the British Government have friends in Russia.

One was Socialist Sir Stafford Cripps, who seemed to have his eye glued on a pretty big part for himself in post-war reconstruction, and was bee-buzz trying to bring India into political line.

The other was immaculate Foreign Secretary Eden, who was as ardent a champion of Collective Security as legendary Maxim Litvinov (now Russia's U.S. Ambassador), went to Moscow in 1935 and scored a considerable personal success.

To this day one of the stations on Moscow's underground bears his name.

... FACTORS

All these things, and others, seemed to be moving . . . towards Unity, which, alone can win the war. Last time, it was well late 1917 before the Allies realized its necessity and appointed Generalissimo Foch.

Other evidences of movement:

(1) British commando raids were on the increase, were beginning to stronger and stronger slap at the European coast.

(2) Germany's air force was disappearing from the Russian front—whether for refitting, con-

servation, concentration on the coast against a possible British invasion, or for shipment to another front, no one knew.

(3) On the increase, too, were Royal Navy attacks on enemy bases round the coast of Greece.

(4) Allied machines and materials were being sent to Turkey—Blenheim bombers, fighters, destroyers. Out of a blue sky, the U.S. had announced that it would extend loan-lead aid to Turkey.

By some, it was argued that the Germans were massing troops, planes, auxiliary warships in Greece and Bulgaria for a drive around the southern coast of the Black Sea.

This would threaten the rear of Marshal Timoshenko's army in the Caucasus, menace the British position in the Near and Middle East, and necessitate new defensive measures along the road to India.

Germany

... DESPERATE

To wide-open, official Allied ears came whispers that, when they said the crisis was approaching it was true indeed.

From inside Germany came some odd stories: (1) That the Germans did not envisage more than one more year of war, that, although they were vaguely planning for next year and the year after, they were doing little more than that; (2) That badly damaged tanks, lorries, etc., were not being repaired; (3) That skilled German workers were being taken out of the factories to be put into

the front line; (4) That the German people had almost resigned themselves to another lost war.

It was more than possible that many of these, and other whispers were haywire, and right off the crack. It was more than possible, too, that many of them were exaggerated.

But one fact remained: Germany was having a tough time.

She was far from beaten—would yet be able to take a heavy beating before she went down. Her people, although gloomy, a little apprehensive, were yet far from dropping their bundle completely.

Germany—so far as is humanly possible—is not likely to allow her civilian population to drop into clear state of despondency, that heralded the finish of the Great War.

But . . . in Russia, she had lost the initiative. For the first time she was fighting defensively, in many parts desperately.

And back of the front line, she, too, was marshalling her forces for the crisis to come. There seemed little doubt that, in the spring and summer, she would let go with everything she had.

Where she would let it go, no one knew. There were signs that she might make a drive towards India. But did she have enough men and machines to divide her effort?

An attack through Turkey seemed almost obviously to be looming—which meant a split of forces; for she could not overlook the fact that the Russians, greatly heartened, greatly armed by Britain and America, were getting ready

to play merry hell with her millions of grim-faced men.

There were other reports, too, apparently well authenticated, that Germany was pumping troops into Norway.

There could be a number of reasons for this:

(1) Weakening of Finland's desire to cower on the war any longer—of which there were recurring rumormongers at month's end—and a German wish to boost, or threaten Finland into continuing on.

(2) A possible invasion of Sweden, in order to divert Russian forces from the main front, and thus make a spring-summer German offensive there much easier.

(3) Fear of a British invasion aimed at the Norwegian coast, and designed to create a much-needed second front for Russia.

(4) As a prelude to a German invasion of Iceland.

Whether it was one or more of these reasons remained to be seen. Only time would tell. And at March's end, time was running out swiftly.

... HESS

In no little pother recently were high Nazi circles. It was reported that they had received news from allegedly reliable sources that the British Government was preparing a *Book of Hess*.

Hitler, his friends, his advisers are well acquainted with Hess' amazing memory of detail. They also know his propensity for indulging in needless reminiscences.

Since Hess has been a prisoner in Britain, he has had ample time to produce a fat volume which, in sales, would out-sell *Mein Kampf*.

National

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

... TO WORK

Most noticeable feature of March, 1942, in Australia, was the fact that talking had stopped.

Highly significant was this. For two months after the ambitious Japanese decided to test their strength and skill against the United Nations, there had been plenty of talk.

No doubt at all is there that a great deal of this talk was necessary. During the Japanese advance, while their spectacular victories were being won, it was natural that free Pacific peoples should need some reassurance.

That everyone, high and low, interesting and boring, who could grab himself pen and ink, platform, or microphone should stand up to deliver his views at nauseating length was, perhaps, understandable.

In these months, there was a greater sense of business, worry, feverish racing against time.

Yet now, such is the quiet confidence of Australians, such their determination, that, although the Japanese are at their doors, there is much less anxiety, a great deal less talking.

There are no two ways about this.

In their own minds, Australians are more confident of their immediate and long-range future than they have been for many a day.

... WHY?

There seems to be no one reason

for this. Rather, it is due to a number of reasons.

The first: Major-General Gordon Bennett, who had the intelligence and foresight to skip out of Singapore so that he could give his country the benefit of his experience.

That this experience is of more value than a division of men goes without saying. He knows the Japanese. He knows their tactics, their qualities, their weaknesses.

He knows how to meet them, what to do to them when they have been met, and how to do it.

Said he: "Our turn will surely come. Let us not make the same mistakes (as were made in Malaya)."

"I must emphasize that Australia is in very great danger of being attacked by the Japanese, not merely being bombed on the outskirts, but being attacked in force."

"Let us not delude ourselves by wishful thinking otherwise."

As, in the weeks to follow, he was to preach that the Japanese were good only so long as they were winning, so he preached now, while they could advance, they showed all the earmarks of their much-couted fanaticism, explained he. But put them on the defensive, and steel-tough Australian soldiers screaming in among them with needle-bright bayonets, and see what happened to their vaunted bravery.

For the Japanese has no stomach for steel. He will turn and run before a determined attack.

Greatest of all our needs, said he, was more and more air support. "We must have machines of quality, machine better than those used by the enemy."

"In Malaya the Japanese had superiority in the air not only because they had more machines, but because they had better machines. Our airmen are the best in the world."

"Let us give them a chance by providing them with the very best machines."

... FORCES

The second: That American forces of sufficient strength to smash the devil out of the Japanese were pouring into the Anzac Area.

Exactly what that force consisted of was not told at first. It simply said "force," and left it at that. But whatever it was, Australians were thankful for it.

Although no announcement had been made, they had seen American soldiers in their cities. They had speculated on how many were in the Commonwealth. They guessed everything from a mere handful to hundreds of thousands. They told each other that soon there would be hundreds of thousands more. Hopes and optimism ran very high indeed.

In the skies above their cities they soon came to recognize American 'planes. They speculated on the number of American 'planes in the Commonwealth.

Now they knew for certain that they were not alone, they were happy. Help, they could see, was already here—some help. How much, only a few high-ups knew—

and they would not split, of course.

More important was the fact that these (few or many) American troops they could see were only part of the great force the U.S. had promised to send so that an offensive could be sprung from the shores of the Commonwealth.

Every day, by every ship that tied up in an Australian port, said Australian leaders, more and more supplies, more and more arms, more and more troops were arriving.

Australia heaved a great sigh of relief. Now they could settle down to hard, fierce work free from a lot of the war's early, pressing anxieties.

... STRATEGY

The third: There was plenty of evidence that, at long last, after three months of Pacific warring, Pacific Democracies were swinging into their common, strategic plan.

What this plan was, no one on the outside knew.

But it would be something good. They knew that; they were sure of it. Because, in the designing of that plan, some of the best brains in the Pacific arena had been used.

Although they could put their fingers on no single title of evidence and say: This is symptomatic of our united strategy, yet for some indefinable reason—a reason which was probably the hard-earned of their growing self-confidence—they knew that something was doing, that things were swinging.

For one thing, pretty obvious was the fact that Australia had been decided on as the base for

operations against Japan. This was plenty of evidence that the Democratic Pacific Powers were thinking, right from the outset, in terms of offence—not purely defence. It was all the evidence Australians needed. Offensive talk was dear to their hearts.

They were soon to see a great deal of offensive action—American warships and 'planes blasting Japanese bases, Allied 'planes blasting an invasion fleet off New Guinea, Allied 'planes pounding Japanese-held New Guinea day after day.

... GENERAL

The fourth: An official announcement that American troops were in Australia "in considerable numbers." Although they had already guessed this, still it made Australians feel good to have it told them in so many words.

They felt good, too, when they were told that valiant General MacArthur, of Philippine fame, had dashed out of his beleaguered peninsula, flown noddily through Japanese-infested skies, arrived safely in Australia, to take over supreme command of the fight.

Thus he, some would know better how this fight should be conducted. On him we could rely to get more troops, 'planes, arms into the country quicker than anyone else.

... SPEECH

The fifth: An inspired speech—probably the best he has ever made—by Prime Minister John Curtin to the American nation, over short-wave.

His warning to them: That

Australia was the last bastion standing between the Japanese and their country; that together they should start right in whacking the Jap aggressively, offensively. Said he: "Safety first is the devil's catchword to-day."

Orated he in well-turned, picturesque, dramatic phrases: "On the great waters of the Pacific Ocean, war now breathes its bloody steam. From the skies of the Pacific pours down a deadly hail. In the countless islands of the Pacific, the tide of war flows madly. For you in America, for us in Australia, it is flowing badly."

Attack and attack again was the keynote of his speech.

"Dr. Evatt will tell you that Australia is a nation stripped for war. Our minds are set on attack, rather than defence."

"We believe, in fact, that attack is the best defence. Here, in the Pacific, it is the only defence. We know it means risks, but 'safety-first' is the devil's catchword to-day."

"Our great labor unions are accepting the suspension of rights and privileges, which have been sacred for two generations, and are submitting to an equally free control of the activities of their members."

"It is now 'work or fight' for everyone in Australia."

"I say to you, as a comfort to our friends, and a stiff warning to our enemies, that only the infernal machine outside the compass of our war plans. If Australia goes, the Americas are wide open . . ."

But Australia will not go.

CANBERRA

... CASE OF CASEY

"Firmly Mr. Fadden" ran true to form at Canberra, when the Prime Minister indicated his intention of tabling the "White Paper" in connection with the resignation of Representative Casey at Washington.

Opposed was the opportunity of debate on this prickly problem.

Swiftly on his feet, the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition asked leave of the House to make a statement. Leave was granted. This also provided debate.

Ever ready for a discussion, Representative Arthur Caldwell moved "That the papers be printed." He sat down and thus lost his opportunity of making a speech.

Quickly former Minister Archie Cameron formally seconded the motion, and made a mild attack on the Government. Two dreary and fatalistic addresses followed.

Brainy Mr. Brennan, from Bateman, made a rapier-like attack. Swiftly he thrust at Mr. Curtin, then at Mr. Churchill. He related an imaginary conversation between Mr. Casey and the Prime Minister of England. He said it went something like this: "You know, Churchill, my job is no longer sure; I may get the 'order of the boot.' A Caesar which would elect Eddie Ward a Minister would do anything."

Wise Mr. Ward has the facility of laughing with, and at, his tormentors. His laughter led the House.

The Prime Minister was nettled. He showed his justifiable irritation.

Well and wisely read is Arthur Augustus Caldwell. He not merely reads, he reflects and remembers. There are less able men in the Ministry.

... TWINS

Two famous Americans now in Australia met in Canberra last week.

They are as alike as two peas in a pod.

Each had been mistaken for the other in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London, Washington—and in Canberra.

They met for the first time on the steps of Parliament House awaiting the arrival of General MacArthur.

Strong on their haunches in the bright sun, on the hard stone steps, they looked like twins.

One of them was H. L. Knickerbocker, the world-famous commentator and broadcaster, who has an audience running into millions.

The other was Lloyd Ring Coleman, Doctor of Philosophy of Columbia University, Managing Director of J. Walter Thompson in Australia, who has done extensive propaganda work for the British Government, and who is now helping to make Australia better known and more favorably understood in America.

... SHOW FOR M^{rs}A.

Bigger was the news value of the happening outside Parliament than inside at the March monthly meeting.

Grouped on the steps of the capital at Canberra (now white marked to assist middle-aged members in the black out) were the ace members of the Federal Press Gallery, correspondents from America, newswired men and photographers.

Efficient and equable was Prime Minister's Press Secretary, Don Rodgers, as he smoothed the path for the hurried and harried American press correspondents whose train was two hours late.

General MacArthur was due at 3.30 p.m. At 3.29 p.m. he greeted Minister for the Army, Frank Forde, who stood barked on the steps with an outstretched hand.

Brief was the greeting as the Supreme Commander and his Minister for the Army walked to meet and greet the Prime Minister for an hour's heart-to-heart talk alone.

General MacArthur knows the power of the press. He loses no opportunity of demonstrating his friendly feeling. He has a genuine regard for the man who takes his message and his movements and gives them a world-wide audience.

Agreeable alike is he to the Americans and the Australians. He makes no differentiation. The men with portable typewriters are accepted as comrades in arms.

Friendly were the speeches made at the dinner by the Prime Minister and the General. A high note was struck and maintained.

Sorry was the spectacle in the House of Representatives after the dinner adjournment. Member for Hunter, Rowley James, gave no special cause for congratulation for his contribution.

Interested if not impressed was General MacArthur, who made history by being the first person other than a distinguished member of an Empire Parliament who has been accorded the high honor of a seat on the floor of the House on the right of Mr. Speaker.

Perhaps the Commander of the Anzac Zone recalled what a countrywoman of his said in her brilliant and worthwhile reading book, "Europe in the Spring": "The politicians quarrel bitterly among themselves and call names and each impugn the motives and character and past records of the others . . . They quarrel among themselves more bitterly than they are willing to quarrel with Hitler."

Clare Booth was referring to American politicians. Her remarks were reminiscent of Australia.

... OMNIBOSSES

Public opinion is wrong. Civil servants do not control Canberra—completely.

Buses are the bosses in Canberra.

Canberra is a city of wide spaces. There are no trams.

Citizens and civil servants alike go to lunch and return at a time convenient to the buses.

It is a democratic scene when a former Minister and a present messenger crowd eagerly into the conveyance. The permanent head of the Department has no order

of precedence over the most junior typist.

This fact is recognised and accepted.

There are few taxis in Canberra and relatively very little petrol.

When the taxi driver runs out of petrol he returns to his garage. When the telephone rings he doesn't say he is unavailable. He doesn't answer. He just takes the receiver off and leaves it off.

Taxis in Canberra are expensive. They don't run on meters. There is a flat charge. A passenger from Sydney or Melbourne arrives at the station. If he has previously wired to the garage for someone to meet him the car will be there. If he hasn't wired, then he may walk the three miles to the Hotel Canberra. Lots of complaining passengers do so—once.

The taxi driver charges from his garage to the station first of all. Then from the station to the hotel, then from the hotel back to the garage.

It is a queer Canberra custom.

... RECOLLECTIONS

Over twenty-five years ago there were four enthusiastic young men who were supporters of the Lithgow Labor League.

Three of them were united in Canberra last week for the first time in over a quarter of a century.

One of these men was the local tailor with very few customers. He charged three guineas for a tailored suit. He made good suits too. With the "gift of the gab" he with his earnestness and a passionate desire to help his fellows

defeated the veteran Parliamentarian Hurley, who at that time was the Squire of Lithgow.

That young man was James Dooley, afterward Leader of the Opposition, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and Premier of the Mother State, a unique achievement.

Another man was the local harbor. He had lots of friends. He was a good sport and particularly popular.

Today, that young man is rewarded by the Nation for his service and is known as Senator the Honourable W. P. Ashley, Postmaster-General and Minister for Information.

Another young man was a very junior railway man. He too, was sincere and anxious. Last week, at the March monthly meeting of the Parliament at Canberra, he was at the instance of his former colleague in the Labor League, given a seat at the right hand of the President of the Senate on the dais at Canberra.

That young man, so popular today with the workers, as he was in his youth is the Honourable Dan Clyne, Member for King, and Speaker of the Mother Parliament of Australia.

The fourth young man, red headed and restless, covered with freckles and spurred by the wrongs suffered by workers was a telephone attendant with "an itch to write." He is the recorder of those facts.

The Minister, the Speaker and the Publicist talked of old days, about their ideals and their ideas in the Great Hall at Canberra.

JAPANESE WHO FIGHT JAPAN



These are Americans of Japanese descent. They not only oppose the American—the democratic—way of life, they fight for it.



Putland wearing the new American bottle helmet they are shown under going gassy building on the U.S. West Coast.

THE TRUTH OF PEARL HARBOR

Nothing less than disaster have been the rumors of damage at Pearl Harbour (see "Day to Dawn" for news). These pictures show the damage as related to capital ships, only one of which has been lost forever.



Above: 'The Oklahoma' which capsized but will be salvaged and repaired according to U.S. Navy Secretary Knox.



Another capsule, the decommissioned over age battleship "Utah" lately used as a target ship. Japanese probably mistake her for modern vessel.

Canalade, April, 1942 Page 74



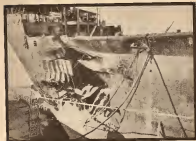
Real and insupportable damage was that suffered by the battleship "Arizona." Picture shows her superstructure smoking furiously.



When the fire and smoke had gone this was all that was left of the once proud ship. Although not modern the "Arizona" was a valuable vessel.

Canalade, April, 1942. Page 75

PICTORIAL POTPOURRI



A torpedo does this. View of hole made on starboard side of lighter "Alaska," hit all the California coast shortly after Pacific war's outbreak.



Pursuit of a Japanese war plane. One that didn't get away after the Pearl Harbor hits, is this bomber. It was fished up from the bed of the bay.

Coronado, April, 1942 Page 79



Prison of the Atlantic. Symbol of the tentacle sea struggle, a Chinese seaman lies unconscious on a cot. He was picked up by a Canadian minesweeper.



Scoutambulance. This novel ambulance powered by a motor scooter is now being used at San Diego Naval Station, U.S.A.

Coronado, April, 1942 Page 79

Clip these diagrams. Keep them before you.



These silhouettes of Japanese 'planes most likely to be used in Australia have previously appeared singly in

Cavalcade, April, 1942 Page 33

Learn to pick the raiders in an instant.



the daily press. CAVALCADE prints them here all together for the purpose outlined in the headline.

Cavalcade, April, 1942 Page 33

CHRISTMAS IN A NAZI PRISON

T. E. B. CLARKE

Contrary to "horror movie" the Red Cross has made life interesting, though costly



I'm not worrying. They're not taking men from the key industrial!

Christmas in a German prison camp. . .

It sounds one way of spending Christmas that nobody could hope to enjoy; and certainly letters will be heavy among our seventy-thousand prisoners of war as their thoughts turn at this season to the homes they will not see until there is "peace on earth" again.

But this doesn't mean you would find our prisoners of war anything but cheerful if you could see them on Christmas Day.

Since letters take weeks to get here from the prison camps, no definite information is yet available about the various plans they are making for Christmas; but we can get a good idea of these from accounts received by prisoners' relatives of their activities last Christmas and on other "special occasions."

One thing is certain: our boys will eat well on Christmas Day. A year ago many failed to receive their allotted parcels, but there is no danger of a similar tragedy this time. A reserve stock of Red Cross parcels, numbering several hundred thousand, is now held for them in Geneva, as well as thirty weeks' supply of cigarettes and tobacco; thus they are assured of their comforts for some time to

come, even if transport difficulties crop up again.

For many months now, every British prisoner of war in Germany or Italy has been receiving a weekly parcel from the Red Cross containing the following goods or their equivalent:

One tin each of biscuits, herrings and tomatoes, apple pudding, strawberry jam, meat loaf, steak and kidney, peas, condensed milk, Ovaltine, Cheddar cheese, one packet of chocolate, one of butter-scutch, and one cake of soap.

This week, as a special Christmas treat, they will each receive a parcel—despatched last July!—with the following contents:

One tin each of biscuits, chocolate biscuits, Christmas pudding, marmalade, steak and tomato pudding, roast pork and stuffing, condensed milk, Christmas cake, two 8-oz. packets of chocolate, 4 oz. sugar, 8 oz. margarine, 2 oz. of tea, and a hundred cigarettes or 4 oz. of tobacco.

With each of these parcels a Christmas card has been enclosed. Last year, incidentally, many prisoners designed Christmas cards for their families on such odd scraps of paper as they could obtain. In place of the conventional holly,

some of these cards had a barbed wire border!

At most camps, as a Christmas concession, beer will probably be issued to the men, and back to the officers. Those in Italy are likely to get vermouth and gin. Normally, this is their Saturday treat; on other days they are given red or white wine.

Sport is sure to play a big part in the prisoners' Christmas "festivities." Football is played nearly everywhere, and basketball is also popular with them. The men of one camp have converted a barn into a basketball court; and there is a great run on indoor games, such as darts, table tennis, chess, draughts, race games, and—of course—cards.

Equipment for all these forms of sport has been sent to the camps by the Red Cross. There is a ban on the sending of pointed darts, however, and the men have to devise these for themselves, unless they are willing to play with "rocket" darts.

But the old stagers among them are well accustomed to improvising sports apparatus, for in the early months of the war they had no bats or balls from home to use for their games.

I have been shown an amusing letter from an officer in one German camp describing a grand cricket match—"Eton v. Harrow"—which was played with a ball made of rags and bats fashioned out of floor-boards or unroofed fence-posts.

In spite of these primitive implements, the match was played with a strict regard for the rules of cricket—except that a "six,"

which involved hitting the ball out of the camp, put a batsman out. Both teams wore the correct Eton and Harrow colours, and they even had a pavilion to sit in!

"Quite a crowd of villagers turned up to watch," wrote the officer, "and they seemed to take a real interest in the proceedings, although I think they were rather puzzled. In fact, an enjoyable time was had by all—except, perhaps, the German guards, who got very hot felling in the deep, as, of course, only they could retrieve the ball when a six was scored."

Enthusiasm is sure to run high over the football matches that will be played on Christmas Day, for on occasions like this it's usual for representative teams to meet.

In camps where there are men of different services, the Army plays the Navy or the R.A.F. Regiments are matched where soldiers only are confined, and in camps for airmen the sides represent the types of 'plane last flown by the players; for example, the "Halifaxes" take on the "Stirlings," and the "Whitleys" meet the "Wellingtons." Games between Britain and some of the Dominions are also common.

Even prisoners who have been blinded have their share of football, for it has been found that they can do much to acquire a new sense of direction by means of attempts to put the ball past a goal-keeper who whistles at them. The blind also play darts, taking aim with a long stick, which is placed, before each throw, at the "bed" they wish to find.

Some camps are sure to stage "Olympic Games" for the Christ-

mas season. Here is an extract from a prisoner's letter describing these proceedings:

"We have just started a fortnight's 'Olympic Games'—football, volley ball, deck tennis, bridge, chess and draughts being the main items. It opened to-day with a terrific flourish of trumpets—literally. When this had died down the competitors marched into the arena in uniform, carrying their national banners (made of painted sheets), and formed a hollow square. The British, true to form, were a bit late, having had a spot of trouble with their equipment; but there in the end they were, all in white singlets and R.A.F. trousers.

"Then the British sports leader shouted, 'Three cheers for the sports,' and all the others—men of Allied nations—shouted what we took to be the same. The respective banner-bearers came into the centre and placed their hands one on top of the other, in token of international solidarity and confidence, and everyone in the courtyard and at the windows cheered loudly: for the 'Olympic Games' were OPEN.

"A German horse and cart drove through the ceremony in the middle, but otherwise it was good."

On Christmas night you may imagine a variety of amusing entertainments taking place in the prison camps. Pantomimes written by the men will be performed in some; plays sent out from home, and carefully rehearsed for weeks, will be staged in others.

Although the prisoners are forbidden to receive theatrical costumes, which might be rather too

useful for escaping purposes, a liberal use of wigs, false beards and grease-paint goes a long way towards making up this deficiency. The Red Cross have done all they can to facilitate the sending of such "props."

An orchestra is likely to be in attendance at each show, for simple musical instruments, such as ukuleles and xylophones, have been dispatched to the camps in large numbers by the Red Cross.

Stage effects are improvised in the most ingenious ways. Writing of a play presented at his camp in Italy, a prisoner says:

"The scenery was all made from Red Cross cardboard boxes. There were a fireplace, a door, windows, pictures on the walls, even an ornamental clock—all fashioned by the chaps themselves, who gave a fine show."

Writes another: "Although we have no stage equipment of any kind, it's wonderful what we manage to do. Every Saturday night we have a show complete with our own 'Crazy Grog,' 'Western Brothers,' and 'Mills Brothers.' They are damned good shows, too. Lectures on various problems, treasure hunts, mock trials and different classes of instruction fill up the rest of our time fairly well."

Let, however, you be getting the impression that life is just one long holiday for our prisoners of war, let me emphasise the final words of that same writer: "But, oh, what a waste of time!"

(This article was originally published in the *Christmas Week*, 1941.)

—Everybody's Weekly, London.

THAT TIRED FEELING

MARIE BEYNON RAY

—my probably half inspiration or lack of something worth while to do such as some helpful one-time service

One day not long ago, I had an appointment with an important businessman whom I had never met. I was to meet him in the lobby of an Hotel. He would be wearing a blue suit and a white carnation.

I waited fifteen minutes past the appointed time; then I telephoned his secretary.

"Didn't you see a man run through the lobby," she said, "tall, thin, no overcoat? No, he wouldn't stop—he'd just run through. Sorry. You'll have to make another appointment."

"That was my introduction to Joseph P. Day, the greatest real estate man and auctioneer who ever lived, his nearest competitor being some billion sales dollars behind. Joe Day has done things so colossal in the real estate world that practically every deal in which he has had a hand can be referred to only as superlatives. All this is primarily due to his unparalleled energy. In over fifty years he has seldom been at rest."

Joe Day seldom walks. He runs. He can dash down the middle of Broadway, dodging the traffic, faster than any taxi could drive him. He never sits if he can stand, never stands if he can walk, never walks if he can run. When he talks to a group of men,

you'd think he was doing setting-up exercises. He flings his arms about, slaps them on the back, runs his hands through his fluffy white hair, jumps up and down in excitement.

Mentally, he is even more active. At night he keeps a light, a pad, and a pencil beside his bed. Ideas hit him suddenly in his sleep. He wakes, jots them down, flings the paper on the floor, goes back to sleep. In the morning, his room looks as though a snow-storm had struck it. Joe Day is sixty-eight.

"Well, that's fine," you say. "If I had that much energy, no doubt I too would be a great success. Unfortunately, I haven't. If I used myself up at that rate, I'd be burnt out in a few years."

That's where you're wrong. Providing you have no physiological disability, it is perfectly possible for you to possess abundant energy, no matter how thin the trickle of your energy at the present time.

"Men the world over," says William James, "possess amounts of resources which only the very exceptional among them push to their extremes or use. The man who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chance of life.

He could run at a higher pressure and accomplish more. *Men* habitually use only a small part of the power they possess.

You may be wondering what all this has to do with you. Fatigue, you say, is nothing complicated. It is a weariness which seeps through the body like a poison, sending you home at night with feet dragging as though with ball and chain, and with a complete lack of desire to do anything except drop into bed and sleep till Judgment Day.

The cause, you say, is overwork. The cure is just as obvious—rest. But you're wrong.

You are not tired because you work too hard. You are not tired because you expend every drop of energy you possess. Rest won't cure you. An easy job won't cure you. All the leisure and money in the world won't cure you. Lots of people have all these things and are even more tired than you are.

No, work is not the cause, and rest is not the cure.

Anyone can make a list as long as his right arm of the causes, in the common mind, that tire a man—his work is monotonous, he is being driven by his boss, he doesn't get along with people, he is dissatisfied with his work and his achievement, he is under a constant strain, he gets no real rest at home. All these reasons can be reduced to one basic cause—*anxiety*.

Then there's the subconscious mind, too, so that other things make him tired. He craves sympathy, he thinks the world owes him a living, he hates his wife

and doesn't want to support her or her children. He wants to be tired; it gives him an excuse to fail. This group of reasons can be reduced to a single fundamental cause—an inner conflict.

A man whose worries come under the first group is often perfectly well aware of what is the trouble, only he won't admit it. Once he says, "I could stand the work all right if it weren't for the constant strain about money—that's what wears me out," he is well on the way to recovery.

Many times, however, fatigue is a means of escape. While the strong man will face and fight unpleasant situations, the weak man will try to escape from them. He may simply duck out and leave home, never to be heard of again. He may escape in drink, in drugs, in work. Or he may, if he is unwilling to admit to himself that he wishes to flee, escape through the machinations of the subconscious mind—which will engineer an intractable pain, indigestion, absent-mindedness, a nervous breakdown, or fatigue.

Proof that fatigue is not and scientifically could not be overwork is evident, and many are the experiments on hand.

Take a schoolroom at 9 a.m. noisy with thirty children averaging eleven years of age. The door opens, a stranger enters and proposes a few simple sums—multiplying mentally numbers like 42 times 18, marking mis-spelled words on a printed page, memorizing nonsense syllables, counting dots. This goes on for an hour. The stranger departs with the papers.

Several days later, he returns in the afternoon and proposes second test. The pupils are enthusiastic. The young bodies which seemed to be filled with springs in the morning are now listless and inert. But the test goes on.

Now for the conclusion: *The work done by the school children late in the day was of as good quality, and as quickly finished, as that done in the morning.*

What does this prove? Simply that after a day's mental work one is no more tired than at the beginning, even though one feels tired. Actually, one can do just as much and as good work. *Fatigue is the diminished capacity for doing work.*

But, as a small boy said, "I can do the things at night, but I don't want to."

One day of hard mental work cannot produce fatigue. One week of hard mental work cannot. One lifetime cannot. This is the consensus of scientific opinion, psychological as well as physiological. Doctors state, "Hard work never in itself produced one single case of nervous exhaustion." "There is no such thing as breakdown from overwork." "Of all my nervous cases, I never found one which could be traced to overwork."

So that's not it. But listen to the opinion of a nerve specialist. "Man suffers quite differently from the animals. He increases his sufferings by imagination, aggravates them by fear, and keeps them up by pessimistic reflections."

And there we have it—the true, the fundamental, the only cause of chronic fatigue is em-

otionalism. And emotionalism takes many shapes and forms.

Let's list Boredom as Public Enemy Number One. Boredom with house work has made women blind, boredom with a husband has made them cripples, boredom with a mother-in-law has paralyzed them. Such cases are recorded in every psychiatrist's files.

Worry may be listed as Public Enemy Number Two. I know a department store executive who is manager of the furniture department. I stopped in to see him a few months ago.

"Business is terrible," he said. "Worst it's ever been. Don't let it get you" everybody tells me, but how can I help letting it get me when I know I've got to do business or get fired. I'm earning a good salary, sure—but how long will it last if I go on losing money for the company?"

Then he brightened. "Took a vacation a couple of months ago. Went down to the old place in the country. Started to dig a well. Do you know, I worked down in that hole from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day. Singlehanded, I dug a 65-foot well. I am like a gorilla and was never tired after the first day. Then I came back here, took one look around, and by noon I was so tired I couldn't see straight!"

Is this man bored by his work?—of course not, he loves it. Isn't weary at the bottom of his chronic fatigue?

The other causes of fatigue are just as insidious—a sense of inferiority, Fear, Indecision, Over-sensitivity, Pessimism—the difficulty of adapting oneself to life,

Considering these, a famous specialist has said, "An emotion tires the organism more than the most intense physical or intellectual work."

So now we have the cause. Let us see if we can find the cure. Since it is the emotions that are at fault, it is the emotions that must be treated.

There's a simple, clear-cut plan for re-education:

1. Learn how to overcome the demoralizing emotions.

2. Learn how to summon up their antidotes—the vitalizing emotions.

3. Acquire a better philosophy of life, thus releasing healthier emotions.

4. Learn the law of compensation that provides a benefit for every liability.

5. Learn that the way to establish new ways of feeling and acting is through new habits.

6. Learn that the best way to balance our emotions is to balance our lives. Lead a balanced life.

Acquire faith in yourself, confidence, courage. Do the thing you fear! But remember—no weak or unfaithful thinking is going to start you on the road to recovery. If you don't greatly care whether you're tired or depressed, if you can't work up any great enthusiasm about giving these you love the best you can, you won't succeed. Are you willing to fight? The first step is courage.

So if you aren't happy in your work, if you know that it's not your work, plan for the day you'll have the work you want. Save for it, concentrate on it, go after it, and one day step out and grab

it. Even though it entails temporary sacrifice, you won't regret it. Too many people fail at work they hate, only to succeed at work they love.

Are you worried? Use your intelligence to see that you are defeating your own end. Substitute constructive thinking for circular feeling. Lead a balanced life. Fill your day with activities. Be busy. Concentrate on one thing at a time. Refuse to consider the other things to be done until this one is finished. Refuse to hurry and strain yourself. Ignore tension.

Be on the watch for explosive moods, attacks of acute irritability, jealousy, suspicion, self-pity—all the result of overemotionalism and overreactiveness. They are dangerous.

Be sure of yourself. Be interested in other people. Make the most of what you have. From her childhood, Eleanor Roosevelt was conscious of her extraordinary lack of good looks; even her mother made no attempt to slur over the fact. Yet to-day, Mrs. Roosevelt is the most popular First Lady that America ever had.

Balance your life and your emotions will balance themselves. So many hours for work, so many hours for social activities, so many hours for hobbies, so many hours for recreation. Ask yourself these questions: Could I profit by more education? Do I read enough—what books would help me? Have I a natural bent for mechanics? What sports do I like? What do I lack socially? Are my friends satisfactory? What do I lack most?

Take a look at your town. What are its cultural, physical, recreational, and social resources? What does it offer that you need? (You'll be surprised how much any community has to offer, once you begin to investigate).

Find yourself an unselfish goal. Money, power, importance—yes. But if there is nothing more, there

your chances for being happy are pretty slim.

And when you feel depressed, act cheerful. Square your shoulders, step out, smile, an eye out for a beautiful sunset or a beautiful girl. Begin by resolving never again, so help you God, to say "I'm tired."

—*Magazine Digest*, Toronto.

★

Order in the New Order

Everything in Occupied France is done by the most correct legal procedure. The Germans have a motto for correct legal forms. When they kill or torture it is all done legally, with all the formalities observed. A Frenchman who recently arrived in England gave the illustration the case of a young Frenchman, Jacques Boncompagni, an engineer, who worked in a Paris office but lived out in a suburb. One evening he went as usual to catch his train at the Gare St. Lazare. As usual, too, the train was almost impossibly over-crowded. In the hustle of struggling into a coach he brushed against a German officer. The officer happened to be in a bad temper, he immediately called up two German soldiers and had the man arrested. That was at 4:30 p.m. His family were notified of his arrest that same evening. They were worried, but not unduly worried. They supposed he would be tried next day and get off with a fine, perhaps a heavy fine, or even a week in prison.

By 7:30 p.m. the Court had been constituted and Counsel for the Prosecution and the Defence selected. By 9 p.m. witnesses had been found. At 9:30 the case opened. One witness, a Frenchwoman, said the accused had not deliberately kicked the officer. She was arrested at once for daring to cast doubt on the sworn word of a German officer and thus insulting the honour of Germany. The case was concluded by 10:30 p.m., the man being found guilty and sentenced to death.

At 4:30 a.m. he was shot—"Four Winds," in *Time & Tide*, London.

Blow to Puccini

George Jensen's father-in-law, who was drafted into the Army, now is stationed at Manila. Recently Mrs. Jensen arrived from California, and said her husband about her fears for her father's safety.

"You ought to do something about this," said Mrs. Jensen. "In my opinion," confessed the wiser Jensen, "the only immediate patriotic thing I can do is to cancel my two seats for the performance of *Madama Butterfly*."—*Levee and Loggia*, U.S.A.

EARLY TRIALS OF THE PRESS

GREVILLE POKE & T. E. B. CLARKE

*Lowest of the low in the good old days
was the despised newspaper reporter*

"Late night final!" shouts the news hound.

Having bought one of his papers, we are surprised and annoyed if it contains nothing of the speech made by the Prime Minister within the last hour.

A couple of centuries ago, many a newspaper reader had to be content with information that was at least two days old, while news from abroad was usually weeks out of date. Even reports from a city as near as Paris took eleven days to come out in a London newspaper, and six weeks passed before the American Declaration of Independence was published here.

Delay in the communication of the news itself was not alone responsible for keeping would-be readers waiting. Often, owing to the slowness of printing presses and the non-existence of such a thing as sheeted, hours elapsed between the receipt of news by an Editor and its appearance in type.

This delay was augmented when an important Parliamentary speech had to be recorded, for reporters with seats in the House of Commons during the early part of the eighteenth century were not allowed to make any notes. They had to write down so much as they could remember after reaching

their offices—and, in the circumstances, an amazingly good job they made of it. Some were actually able to memorize a whole speech and write it verbatim later!

Although newspapers were numerous—there were no less than 44,000 in 1711—their circulations were mostly small, chiefly owing to the limited output of the Presses. Only two or three of these papers had circulations exceeding one thousand. The result was that a number of people generally took it in turn to read each copy.

The anxiety of newspapers never became the property of any reader. They were hired out by the hour for about a quarter of their published price, which was high ("The Times," for instance, used to sell at sixpence—and a penny was worth a great deal more two centuries ago than it is now).

The men hiring out the papers were known as "horn boys," for they would run along the street blowing a horn to give notice that the news had arrived, repeating their selves an hour later to warn the first customers that their time was up and they must hand over the paper for its next reader. This practice lasted until the early part of this century, and

before each fresh delivery, the copy was ironed with a hot, flat iron.

Country villages often received only one copy of a daily paper, and in many places it was the custom of the squire to read this aloud to the villagers at a fixed hour each day.

For many years previously this procedure had also been followed in the case of the newsletter, which was the precursor of the newspaper—although it seldom arrived with anything like the same regularity. It was from the lips of the squire, reading a newsletter at the porch of his mansion, that most Englishmen first heard of King Charles I's execution, the restoration of his son, and the landing in this country of King William III.

At first these news-letters were mainly one-man efforts. The producer, often a retired soldier, would frequent such places as the Royal Exchange, Westminster Hall, the vicinity of the Palace, and the nave of St. Paul's—a famous resort for gossip—to absorb the news that his sharp ears could pick up.

He would then write it down at great speed on perhaps a score of sheets, which he would personally hawk through the streets, or supply to wealthy patrons who gave him a standing order for this service. It was quite customary for a man of importance to employ his own news-gatherer, in much the same way as he employed a valet.

Later on these news-letter writers took to pooling their resources. Some worked as reporters, others

sub-edited the material they brought in, while the swiftest writers applied themselves solely to the task of getting it down on paper. They were, in short a working skeleton of the great newspaper staffs that were in time to supplant them.

The coming of the railways naturally brought about a tremendous development in news distribution; and as printing presses were greatly improved by this time, circulations began to grow.

Incidentally, the newsagent had not then become a business man in his own right. Most newspapers were sold by stationers; but nearly all greengrocers round London also attended them, it being their practice to bring a bundle back in the carts they drove to Covent Gardens every morning, while it was also common to find papers on sale at the local butcher's shop.

Generally speaking, journalists and purveyors of newspapers were despised. Their job was a tough one. The journalist was often persecuted whilst those who helped them in disseminating their views were physically attacked or ostracised by society. Especially was this true in the early 1900's, when all the powers of Church and Puritanism, fearful of the rapid growth of the popular Press, as it was called, tried to stop the publication of Sunday newspapers. Respectable men dare not be seen with them, but they devoured them avidly in the privacy of their study.

Failing to stop newspaper proprietors from publishing on Sunday—even Lord Northcliffe at one time pertained not to—the

Church brought pressure to bear upon the Newsagents, through the local Clergy. One Sunday Wholesale Newsagent, when approached to stop selling papers on Sunday, said "Why should I? Sunday's your best day, isn't it? Well, it's mine too." That was too much for the pillar of the Church. From that day he left the newsagent in peace.

To get out with the news, and first, has always been a part of newspaper tradition, and what a mad race it became as the printing presses speeded up. The fiercest competition existed between the London evening papers. Whereas to day vans are used to dash to the various selling points, in the early days of this century it was done on bicycles. Street runners, as they were called, their bicycles loaded, raced each other from Fleet Street to many points anything up to ten miles away. And was betide any poor devil who was consistently late, for there were inspectors waiting at these points with stop watches to time their arrival.

Needless to say, many men died, their heart literally broken by such grudging conditions. But let us introduce you to Lem. He was newspaper tradition personified or, as they say in the trade, a real "news knacker."

He was employed as a packer at Bedford. One day during the last war, one of the assistants who was very small and frail picked up a bundle of papers at the station, put them on his shoulder, as char he was blinded on his left side, as a horse with blinkers

might be. Staggering along with his load, he did not notice he was getting nearer to the edge of the platform. Suddenly, he trod on air, turned head over heels, and wallop! crashed the back of his head on the rails below, passing right out. A few minutes later, Lem came by, saw the prostrate figure between the rails, staring glumly to the sky and, beside him, the bundle of papers. Leaping down, he picked up the papers, yelled "Bumy! We're beat!" And went roaring out, leaving the poor chap as the tender mercies of Fate or a steam engine.

All sorts of tricks were got up to beat the other papers. At Luton, one London evening paper found up a particularly good service for getting the racing results through and they were beating their rivals to it every time until one of them thought of the bright idea of buying a copy of the first paper as it came away from the Depot and copying the results into its own Stop Press. By that method, they were not very much behind.

But retribution was to come. The representative of the first paper had a copy printed with the wrong results. The newsboy was given instructions to be sure and see that, when the rival representative bought his paper, he got the faked copy. It worked. And was there a row!

"Stop Press," or the latest news has always been a big feature of the newspapers but of greater importance to the evening paper. In the old days, results were stamped in by hand. This was too slow,

so at various centres, strategically placed, small printing machines were installed for the purpose. Even this was not speedy enough, so the papers put printing machines in vans which enabled them to print in the latest news as they were travelling and of course, they were more mobile. These vans were sent to race meetings, football matches, anywhere where there were big crowds and acted as a temporary depot. Communication with their office was often difficult. On one occasion the Circulation Manager of an evening paper decided to inspect arrangements that had been made to stamp in a fight result. He found the vans fixed and ready but apparently no means of communication with the office, except a few public telephone booths. He spoke to the representative about this. "That's all right, guy-man, you leave it to us," said the rep. Being a wise Circulation Manager, he knew that everything would be all right. But curiosity overcame him and he had a look round. The telephone booths were constantly occupied with the exception of one which had a large notice outside "Out of Order." At that moment, the bell as that booth started ringing. In dashed the representative and, within a few seconds, the result was on sale.

At the newspaper offices themselves all is excitement when big news is coming through. Seconds can make a difference to whether a train is caught or not. At one famous trial in the north of England, the Editor planted a reporter

in the Court, who stood by a frosted-glass window. Below in the courtyard was another reporter who could be seen by another reporter stationed in the entrance to a shop, who could be seen by another sitting at a telephone, which was constantly kept open to his office. The Jury gave the verdict. From the reporter in the courtroom signals were flashed along the chain of men. The machines were turning in a few seconds and the papers were on sale to the people, with the verdict, as they came out of the court.

Though many people would like to suppress the great newspapers, it is true to say that you would find life very inconvenient without them. Some may remember the general strike in 1926 when the men walked out of the *Daily Mail*. The presses were silent. The came of the strike was that morning's *Leader*. Nothing daunted those who remained printed 24 copies of the offending article, and headed "King and Country," pinned them up in prominent positions such as the Mansion House, Savoy Hotel, Post Office, etc. So the *Daily Mail*, with a circulation at that time running into six figures came out with an Edition of only twenty-four copies. But, when at 11.30, 50,000 copies arrived in London from Manchester, the *Dumler* cogs which distributed them had their hoods filled with silver coins flung by members of the Stock Exchange as they avidly snatched the paper they had publicly burned ten years before for showing up the shell shortage.



"The Courtroom was locked, dear, so I cleverly solved the problem by photographing myself!"

Yes, the Press has had its enemies; but it is always wanted. And whatever the conditions, though your letters be late—sometimes days—blits or not, your daily and evening or Sunday papers have reached you every day. It is their proud boast in this war that not an issue has been missed. And the reason is, that the camshackle Empire, built up in the early days by those who lived and breathed newspapers and who worked tirelessly for the love of their job, has to-day become an organised Octopus. The increased speed of the printing presses, turning out 50 to 60,000 copies per hour on each of several machines

has called for speedier methods of distribution. Every night a vast army of vans roars through the night—the blits never stopped them—to the various railway stations. Trains are loaded and off they steam to every corner of the British Isles.

The central organisation behind this Octopus is the Circulation Managers' controlling the distribution of the newspapers throughout the country. Through their representatives, wholesalers and newsagents who ceaselessly work at all hours of the day and night, they ensure that—whatever the difficulties—you get your newspaper.
—Everybody's Weekly, London.



"Kiss Me Again . . ."

A young lady, her mother, an Italian officer and a Nazi trooper were riding in the compartment of an Italian train which went through a tunnel. As soon as darkness enveloped the car, a kiss was heard—followed by a hard slap. When the train emerged into daylight, the passengers' thoughts were these: (1) The Nazi—"Those mad, romantic Latins blow dare to kiss that girl. How wonderful, to try it only in the dark!" . . . (2) The young lady—"The nerve of him, trying to kiss my mother. I'm glad she was able to detect herself!" . . . (3) The mother—"So they'd kiss my daughter, eh? Well, I warned her properly, and I'm glad she took proper action!" . . . (4) The Italian—"It was worth kissing my head, just for the opportunity of slapping that German!"

—Magazine Digest, Toronto.

Don't Make it Too Hot!

Various claims have been made, from time to time, regarding the hottest spot in God's Africa. The heat at Port Beaufort seems to have been the pride of the inhabitants in the early days when a military post was established there. For one of the local legends goes that a particularly sinful soldier, whose dedication to the hereafter was considered to be undoubted, died, and shortly afterwards sent back for his blanket!—"Angonian," in *The Forces Jahannam*.

Your Son is a Soldier!



Are You a Warden?



HISTORY

IN THE MAKING

FEBRUARY 25: Into the spotlight, more-and-more, was coming Australia. From its airbases, raiding 'planes were sweeping north to attack Japanese-held Rabaul, and Timor. In Burma, Japanese troops were closing on Rangoon, whence civilian population had been evacuated, goods destroyed. From Russia came news of an important victory in the Stawysa Russia district, where the 16th German Army had been encircled and captured. Germany already had lost more than 12,000.

FEBRUARY 26: Again to Rabaul went R.A.A.F., 'planes to create fires, havoc. Around Smolensk, the Russo-German war was thickening, quickening. In Britain, newly-appointed Socialist Leader of the House, Sir Stafford Cripps began to get down to work. In Burma there was something of a lull.

FEBRUARY 27: At any minute, an attempted Japanese landing on Japanese territory was expected, according to some reports, an invasion-fleet was already on the way. Throughout the Democratic world there was a ching clamor for Democratic offence.

FEBRUARY 28: Off Java, Japan's first invasion-fleet was being battered in a terrific 24-hour battle. In France, to smash up a radio-location post, British paratroops landed, did their work, were taken off again.

MARCH 1: Although they had taken a beating at sea, the Japanese still managed to land in force at three points in Java. From Burma there was no fresh news while Japanese reinforcements were brought up. There was considerable R.A.A.F. raiding on Rabaul; considerable Japanese raiding on Port Moresby.

MARCH 2: Up came a second Japanese invasion fleet, heading towards Java's north coast—this time powerfully protected. Meantime, the first invaders were making considerable progress, Dutch confidence was still high. Meantime, one Japanese cruiser had been sunk in the attempt, three damaged, three destroyers and nine transports sunk, direct hits scored on seven more transports.

MARCH 3: Down to Boacomo and Wyndham came Japanese aircraft to bomb and machine-gun at air-dromes and grounded aircraft. Said the communiqué: "Some damage was caused at both towns." At Samarang the Japanese made a new landing, were constantly, heavily bombing Dutch headquarters at Bandong. Back to the Dutch from General Sir Archibald Wavell went his command; back to India went General Wavell.

MARCH 4: On Darwin fell more Japanese bombs. In Java, the Japanese were making good headway because they had superiority of troops and air support. Across to the Remant works near Paris went the R.A.F., to do their worst.

MARCH 5: Deeper into Java went the Japanese; deeper into Burma,

across the Sittang went other Japanese. To Marcus Island (uncomfortably close to Japan) went raiding, Allied aircraft. In Russia, Germany's 16th Army had been completely trapped at Stawysa Russia, were being slowly starved and blasted out.

MARCH 6: The Dutch evacuated Batavia, left it in flames, continued to resist stubbornly, savagely, falling back. To Australia, American supplies were flowing smoothly, efficiently. In Burma, British tanks suddenly appeared, smashed into the Japanese, halted them.

MARCH 7: In Java, the battle was moving swiftly towards a climax. In Australia and the United States, there was much talk about the Commonwealth quickly becoming a jumping-off place for an Allied offensive. In Russia, 40,000 Germans had been killed in the new offensive; Germany was striving desperately to hit back.

MARCH 8: Over Java: Simon, after a newsworthy message which said, "It is questionable whether continued resistance is possible," in Burma, Japanese reinforcements were pouring in, lining up.

MARCH 9: Under fairly constant bombing was Port Moresby. From Java there was still no news; of Java there were false enemy rumors of an armistice. From Washington there were buzzing rumors of an Allied offensive. From Russia, news of silent, slogging fighting.

MARCH 10: On the New Guinea mainland three enemy landings had been made: at Lae, Salamaua, Finisshafen. Into Rangoon went

the Japanese, to find a blazing, dead city. From Java, still no news.

MARCH 11: In the north, the R.A.A.F. began an offensive hammering of the enemy. Russia was still slugging.

MARCH 12: To India, acon, it seemed, independence would be given. In Burma, British tanks appeared, attacked. Over New Guinea, Allied bombs were raining down, thick and fast.

MARCH 13: Proclaimed last were H.M.A.S. Perth and Yarra. Back and forth, air-slugging was going on in the north.

MARCH 14: Russia was battering at her German enemy. From U.S. to Australia came more promise of big, quick help.

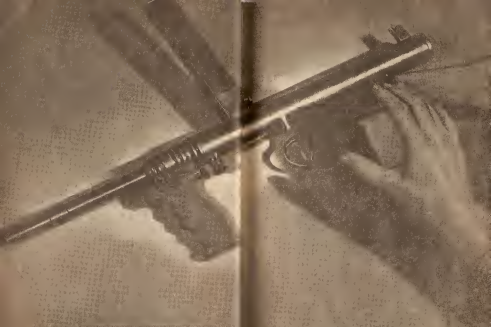
MARCH 15: In the Java Sea, Allied Nations had lost 12 warships, the Japanese 7 or 8. Around Stawysa Russia Germany's 16th Army had been trapped, was slowly bitten and starved away.

MARCH 16: For Darwin, another said. On Torres Strait islands, too, fell Japanese bombs. Around Kharlov there was heavy fighting.

MARCH 17: Officially announced was the long-known fact that American troops were in Australia "in considerable numbers." In Burma, the Japanese drive had been slowed.

MARCH 18: In Australia, to take control, was America's General MacArthur. In the north aerial attack and counter-attack was growing almost daily.

MARCH 19: According to reports, the Japanese were advancing
(Continued on page 100)



If everything but liberty is lost you are still rich . . .

History in the Making

(Continued on page 97)

across New Guinea. For Darwin, another raid. Meanwhile, External Affairs Minister Evatt had reached the U.S.

MARCH 21: Said reports: Kharlov is burning, the Germans leaving. In Britain there was another growing, periodical cleaner for a second European front.

MARCH 22: On Darwin and Katherine enemy bombs fell, Darwin for the sixth time, Katherine for the first. In an Allied air attack on Rabaul one enemy cruiser was probably sunk, two damaged.

MARCH 24: Over much-bombed Port Moresby again came two waves of Japanese bombers, accompanied by Zero fighters.

MARCH 25: For Port Moresby, its nineteenth raid. Japanese bombers were keeping high, throwing quick, inaccurate bombs, making off as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, numbers of enemy raiding bombers seemed to be falling off somewhat. Up to the moment, Japanese formations tackling a cross-country attack from Lee and Salamau, were still at war with Markham Valley raggedness, had not been sighted by waiting Australian troops. At Chingrai (Northern Shon), the American Volunteer Group made a surprise air attack, caught 40 to 50 Japanese bombers grounded.

MARCH 26: In Australia, a treasonable conspiracy was reported by Army Minister Forde, to have

been uncovered. He announced that 19 men and a woman had been arrested, interned.

MARCH 27: From Army Minister Forde: An announcement that the proposition of the A.I.F. which was to return to Australia had now arrived. Also in Australia was General Sir Thomas Blamey, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied land forces in Australia.

MARCH 28: Across to Darwin, for the seventh time, came Japanese bombers laden with Japanese bombs they got a hot surprise. The score: Two of them shot down, two more probably destroyed.

MARCH 29: On St. Nazaire, France, a British force played hell. They raided the place, rammed an old dynamite-laden destroyer against the dock-gate, set it off, carried out demolition work.

In Burma, Japanese troops were still converging on Toungoo, 150 miles north of Rangoon. For India, Sir Stafford Cripps was about to announce some sort of plan of Indian political independence.

MARCH 30: To Indians, Lord Privy Seal Sir Stafford Cripps had given a plan for complete Dominion status after the war. For the eighth time, Darwin had been raided; Port Moresby for the twenty-second. Meanwhile, Japanese forces in the Markham Valley had been flooded out, forced to withdraw.

MARCH 31: At Korpang, without loss to themselves, R.A.A.F. planes destroyed at least six grounded enemy machines.



Wireless alone can meet the exacting needs of communication for Mobile Units...

INSTANT * CONSTANT * CERTAIN

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

RADIOTRON

RADIO VALVES

STANDARD TO ARMY TRANSMITTERS & RECEIVERS



Authorized Wireless (A/101) Ltd.
SYDNEY and MELBOURNE.

Australian General Electric
Proprietary Ltd.
SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE,
ADELIDE and HOBART.

☆ BOOKS ☆

... RECONSTRUCTION

Most pressing of all the urgent problems confronting this world—outside the war itself—is world reconstruction after the war.

Many are the voices that have been, and are being lifted. Many creeds, ideas, methods are being held up. Goetz, indeed, is the clamor of barbers—each drumming up his own wars.

On the right track is philosopher H. G. Wells.

First up, he is one of the few whose mind goes beyond thoughts of this country or that. He, and a handful of others, are thinking in terms of world reconstruction—not of joining this country to that, of doing this to Germany, or that to Italy, of giving Poland something and Russia something else.

Builder Wells would have no Germany, no France, no Britain, America, Russia, or any other country. He would wipe all barriers, all frontiers, all borders . . .

Writes he: "The present catastrophic situation of the world's affairs can be stripped down to fairly simple terms. By a series of inventions and discoveries, in the course of a brief third of a century, distance has been abolished and limitless power for intimidation and destruction brought within the reach of any group of people disposed for aggressive adventure."

"The increase in power is by

no means at an end. The breaking-down of uranium has progressed so far that now, at any time, our supply of energy may be increased one hundred thousand times.

"The political organizations and traditions of the past, based mainly on conceptions of a conflict of territorial sovereign states fighting for 'sovereignty' with the puny weapons then available, are altogether incapable of dealing with the new problems that face them."

"Our species unless it can adapt its behaviour to these new conditions which it has itself produced, must necessarily destroy itself by its own excessive and undisciplined energy."

"One only line of escape is conceivable; such a practical unification of human motives upon a continually progressive, creative and expanding world society as will turn this insupportable power and proximity we have brought upon ourselves, from disaster to triumph."

"Clear-headed men have already planned out, in convincing terms, the broad methods of that unification."

"Mr. Gifford Pincher's conception of a World Conservation of Human Resources, before they are utterly laid waste, and that series of Federation Schemes, of which Mr. Clarence Street's *Union Now* was the stimulating pioneer, are becoming more practicable with every sunrise."

"It becomes plainer and plainer that the thin edge of the wedge that will open the way to a new world, is the establishment of a

federal world air control at the conclusion of the present fighting—and ad hoc federal world control."

"As the ebb of the Nazi thrust continues, it will be in the power of the three great air forces left dominant in the world, America, the British Commonwealth of States, and Russia, to impose such a federation on the world—and if it is not done then, it may never be done."

"This is the plain common sense of the world situation, but unhappily, the mental habits of the vast mass of mankind are quite opposed to looking any situation in the face, and the political spectacle of our time is a vast confusion of cultivated demagogues, of evasions that seem at times almost conscious and deliberate, of snailshoggeries, unteachable conceits, delays, self-deceptions, a pitiful welter, while time marches on relentlessly and the impossible logic in things, which will not share one jot or one tittle of our punishment, accomplishes itself."

Then, together with his Declaration of Rights, is the hub of idealist Wells' plea . . .

His views on this present war: That Nazi Germany is tottering on its last legs, that "This is the most preposterous war in history. A war of bluff. Fewer people are being killed in proportion to the populations engaged than were ever killed in any war before. Never has there been so much needless running away."

"The wealthy British stockholder to Canada, America and the ends of the earth; and the poor, let their betters should be unshamed,

are incited to bolt to chilly, infectious air raid shelters, where they catch colds and cerebro-spinal meningitis and get killed in batches, when they would be far safer if they stayed put and protected their homes from fire."

"In London, in Berlin, there is far more noise than destruction. Goering 'destroys' towns overnight and they resume work and sweep up their broken glass in the morning."

"It is a war of malicious mischief behind Turnip Ghosts."

"In 1914 the Hohenzollern army was the best in the world."

"Behind that screaming little defective at Berlin there is nothing of the sort. We live in a patchwork of decaying social systems because we have not yet assembled enough common sense to make a new world. These social systems would be collapsing were there no Hitler and no Germany to play Baggy and shake them to pieces."

"Even the jumble of ill-equipped levies which the Allies sent to Norway, in the hands of any more competent leadership than the absurd Ironside, could have held that country. No real German army ever appeared there. Hitler won Norway with a few hundred second-rate planes . . . It was funk, unpreparedness and hesitation."

There is Wells, laid bare. His book is "required reading" for thinking folk who dislike current wars, economic depressions, misery, unequal sacrifice.

(Guide to the *New World* by H. G. Wells. Published by Gollancz, London. Our copy, Angus & Robertson, Sydney. 6/9d.)

☆ SHOWS ☆

... FACED

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comes *Two-Faced Woman*, which is simply a dinked-up copy of 1929's long-dead *lame Her Sister from Paris*.

Because cinematista Garbo made such a rip-snorting job of the comedy *Nimrod's* little time ago, M-G-M thought to put her into this, which has none of the guts that put *Nimrod's* high among first-rate comedies.

The plot: Miss Garbo is cast as an Amazonish acting instructor.

In the line of duty she meets, learns to love, eventually marries Melvyn Douglas, publisher of a Manhattan magazine called *Tides and Currents*.

Publisher Douglas, unlike magazine publishers in real life, is always rushing here and there on matters of business, has a somewhat hectic life.

The result: He rushes off once too often, fails to return.

Garbo goes after him, determined that he shall not slip her grasp, finds him, is inadvertently forced into the role of posing as her own imaginary sister, subsequently lures him to bed with her—which is all right because they are married, anyhow.

This heavy-headed piece, apart from having been laddled out in myriad forms at different times, was considered "immoral" by America's Legion of Decency.

Since Hollywood, going immoral

on celluloid, never succeeds in being anything else but dull, *Two-Faced Woman* ranks only as light, fair-to-good entertainment.

Best chuck: (Garbo to Douglas who is thinking such thoughts) "Let's drink to what you're thinking."

... SHIRLEY

No wonder picture, either, is golden-haired Shirley Temple's comeback.

This is no fault of gaudy Shirley, who, in the two best intervening years has grown to a quiet-voiced, unassuming, highly personable young girl.

It is M-G-M's fault for imposing a sticky, age-old story on her that has nothing to commend it except its grey hairs.

Never anything spectacular, the story is now droopy and shabby with extreme old age! A poor little rich girl (played by Mary Pickford back in 1917, played again by Shirley Temple in 1937, now played again in 1942 by Shirley Temple).

Shirley is neglected, teased about, never does anything right, is loved by practically no one, although her father is just dripping with money in the big-shot American way.

None of this, however, prevents Shirley from bringing everything right in the most miraculous way — i.e., getting rid of her father's gold-diggers, marrying him off to a nice new governess.

Pity it is that the new Shirley Temple has personality, an obvious equipment of brains, poise, a good acting technique. She could have been used to good effect.

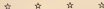
The
Dinkum
Oil

Mobil Oil

TOUGH & TENACIOUS

MOBIL OIL COMPANY PVT. LTD. (Incorporated in Australia)

POTPOURRI



• • • IT MAY BE SO

The story is told that shortly after sundown, not long ago, a Nazi bomber flew over an English town, and began dropping its cargo. The plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire, and the crew of four parachuted to earth. When they landed, the Nazi fliers immediately sought a hiding place. They decided that, temporarily and until they could formulate plans, the best place to avoid detection would be in the comforting darkness of a movie theatre. The four Nazi fliers therefore went to the box office of the theatre . . . And what happened? The cashier let them in at half-price, because they were wearing uniforms.

—Leonard Lyons

• • • HIGHLY IMPROBABLE

The radio salesman stopped his car before a farmhouse. He found the farmer, an elderly man, pitching hay in the barn.

"How do you do, sir?" the salesman began. "I want to be the first to introduce you to a brand new type of radio. It operates on batteries, and you can take it with you wherever you go, and—"

The farmer cupped his ear. "Eh?" he queried. "I can't hear you."

The salesman filled his lungs.

"I said," he shouted, "that I thought you might be interested in a new radio, something practically different."

"Sorry, son," drawled the farmer. "But I can't hear a word you say."

The salesman gasped. "All I said was this!" he screamed. "Would you care to inspect the new radio my firm has to offer?"

The farmer shook his head.

"No, sir," he granted. "I don't need no radio. My wife plays the harmonica."

The salesman, hoarse from shouting, climbed back into his car. He drove four miles to the nearest neighbor. He knocked on the door of this farmhouse, and a woman answered.

"Pardon me, lady," the salesman began. "But I have here a new type of radio and—"

The woman scowled. "Not interested, mister," she interrupted. "And besides, I heard you the first time!"

—Mark Hellinger in *Sunday Herald American*.

• • • BLUE GLASSES

Two recruits met while on manoeuvres. The first is with the Blue Army, the second belongs to the opposing Red Army. Selector A raises his browstick, points it at Selector B, says "Boom!" Nothing happens. Then A makes a

STOP WEARING GLASSES

These suffering from impaired sight CAN NOW, WITH EYE CULTURE, DISCARD GLASSES FOREVER. You can restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home, by EYE CULTURE'S simple, natural, harmless treatment. NO GLASSES, NO OPERATION, NO EYE DROPS, NO DRUGS! Just a simple course of Eye Culture which is the application of the common-sense laws of Nature. It removes all congestion from the strained, weakened eye muscles, then by simple exercise these muscles are strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their natural sight, beauty and tone. But remember, EYE CULTURE IS MORE THAN MERELY EYE EXERCISES. No matter what your age—or what the condition of your eyes, Eye Culture can help you back to first-class sight without recourse to glasses. Eye Culture necessitates no operation, but little trouble, and no inconvenience. It can be carried out in your own home, office, or your work-room as part of your daily routine, and without attracting the attention of other people. If you are already wearing glasses, Eye Culture can enable you to discard them. If you do not wear glasses and you suffer from EYE STRAIN, HEADACHES, LONG SIGHT, SHORT SIGHT, TURNED EYES, ASTIGMATISM, RED, SORE, OR TIRED EYES, SQUINT, GLARE, etc., Eye Culture can help you.

We received many letters like the following from people who

have benefited by Eye Culture.

Copy of a Letter sent to one of the Largest Sydney Newspapers:

"For twenty-five years I have been wearing glasses, never at any time being able to do without them. I would put them on before rising in the morning and was unable to take them off until last thing at night.

"I had been told that my eyes would never improve. I found I needed stronger glasses every three or four years, until I was unable to see clearly with the very strong glasses I was wearing. Reading and sewing were absolutely impossible.

"Fortunately I was very concerned, as had I continued in this way I would have incurred even stronger glasses, taking from me what little sight I had, and eventual blindness.

"In desperation I decided to try Eye Culture, and in ten weeks I have not only discarded two pairs of glasses, but am able to walk around the house and travel to the city without my glasses, and without any effort.

"The glasses I am wearing now are the same strength as those I wore seven years ago, and my eyes are improving daily. I have every faith and confidence that in the near future I shall be able to discard my glasses altogether."

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE IS FREE

If you wish to be rid of glasses, even though you've worn them for years, or wish to prevent the necessity to wear glasses, call or write NOW, enclosing a 2/6 stamped envelope, describing your eye trouble, for our booklet, "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses," to Eye Culture No. 31—St. James Building (11th Floor), 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W., or to Eye Culture No. 31—National Bank Chambers, 182 Queen Street, Brisbane (next door to Finney's). (Advt.)

striking motion as if his stick were a bayonet and says, "Scowronch!" The other does not reply. Now the broomstick becomes a machine gun. Selector B just looks superior.

"What's the matter with you?" asks the sweating Blue Army soldier. "I've shot you with my rifle, I've bayoneted you, I've pumped lead into you from my machine gun. You're dead. Fall down."

"Why should I?" says B. "I'm a tank."

—*Liberty*, New York.

• • • FLYING HIGH

The tale is going the rounds how an American journalist on the cross-channel boat to Dublin met an athletic young man with a beautiful soft brogue, wearing civilian clothes. The American went straight to the point:

"Why don't you let the British use those bases?"

"We hate the English," answered the young man.

"Don't you want them to win the war?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then what are you doing to help them?"

"I'm a Hurricane pilot," said the young man.

—*Saturday Evening Post*, U.S.A.

• • • NEWS AIR TECHNIQUE

Russian fighters have a unique method of air fighting called ramming. Initiated in August, 1914, by a Russian airman named Nestrov, the plan is to hit the opponent's wing with the wheels of his own machine. The enemy aircraft must crash, while his own should

be able to glide down and land. If done properly, it leaves the pilot unharmed and very often his aircraft too. Out of more than thirty known cases of ramming since the Russian campaign began, only four Russians have been killed. The others either glided their machines down or abandoned them and used their parachutes.

Ramming is not merely a last minute expediency when the pilot is out of ammunition. Some pilots do it in the excitement of the fight, some out of a patriotic feeling of self-sacrifice, others feel it their duty to destroy the enemy whatever the cost. It may seem an expensive way of destroying enemy machines, but most of the battles are by fighters against bombers.

—*The Listener*, London.

• • • POLITICS

Politics is the science of extracting money from the rich, and votes from the poor.

—Peter Lo Bianco, in *The Torch*, St. John's University, Brooklyn, N.Y.

• • • CASE DEFERRED

A judge who was on circuit at a certain town was always sure of being annoyed by some scolding remarks from a conceited lawyer. After one such occasion, someone asked the judge at dinner, why he didn't come down strong on the fellow. The judge dropped his knife and fork, placed his chin on his hands, and his elbows on the table as he gave emphasis to his story: "Up in our town," he said, "there lives a widow who has a dog which, whenever the

Why be HALF the man you might be?



Why sit down to meals with half an appetite, and then feel half asleep afterwards?

Why spend evenings only half inclined to enjoy yourself?

Don't live life by halves! Stir yourself and take a tonic—one that will really do you good—start the day with it.

Kruschen Salts refresh you internally so that your shower makes you really brisk.

Kruschen cleanses your stomach, sweetens your breath, gives you an appetite, clears your blood and your liver and your head by washing your system clean. Kruschen makes a new man of you.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as such it will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea, almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

11 20 45

DON'T ARGUE EAT PINEAPPLE PORK SAUSAGES

GLOUTIOUS FLAVOUR. REMARKABLE QUALITY.

The Patriotic
foods to serve
are

LAMB
BACON
BUTTER
APPLES



moon shines, goes out and barks and barks at it all night." Stopping short he quietly began eating again. One of the company asked, "Well, Judge, what about the dog and the moon?" "Oh, the moon kept on shining," he said.

—*Sunday School Chronicle*, England.

• • • X MEANS—

Without going to the dictionary, how many words can you think of that begin with the letter "x"? There are over 250, of which only one or two are frequently encountered in ordinary conversation. Most blondes, for example, don't know that they possess xanthic hair.

As for house guests, should you be exceptionally gracious and kind to them, they can thank you for your xerial hospitality, but if you throw them out after the first day, they can rightfully accuse you of xenodasia.

Artists may still xylepigraphy, the art of burning pictures in wood, while basketball seems today practised in the modern counterpart of the ancient xyle.

—*Stricker's Commentator*, U.S.A.

• • • DRUM PLAYS

Can you imagine watching a Broadway performance with the play suddenly halting and beginning all over again? This is, a not uncommon occurrence in India. It means that an important personage joined the audience late past curtain time, and late or not, he gets whatever has already taken place on the stage over again.

The play may be well on in the

P Y R E X

BRINGS AID TO WARTIME BUDGETS



In wartime, even more than at any other time, thrift demands Agee Pyrex. Pyrex-cooking means satisfaction, nourishing meals using inexpensive cuts of meat; meals in which every atom of nutriment is conserved, every ounce of flavour retained. In addition, with Pyrex you can cook a complete meal in your oven, and that means a substantial saving in your gas or electricity bill. Then there is the saving in time. The meal goes straight from oven to table. No dishing up—and half the washing up. Cook and serve, economically, attractively and painstakingly in Agee Pyrex.

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

second act when the village mayor takes a seat in the audience. The performers stop and begin again. In forty minutes or so they are back to the second act, when the Police superintendent arrives. The actors calmly change places and repeat from the beginning. Thus it goes often long past the hour of midnight, but no one seems to mind.

—*Krünnel Ströthmann*, in "My India, My America," (Duff, Peace and Sloan).

• • • SHUFFY VOSE

In London last week, some members of a Roosevelt mission conferred with English officials. A note was brought to two of the Britishers—who left, saying: "We'll be back shortly" . . . Those men are Britain's foremost mathematicians. They were rubbed, by air, to Dover—where three men,

watching a Rugby game, had been killed by a Nazi shell fired across the Channel. The mathematicians studied the shell's trajectory—arrived at by measuring the angle of the snapped branches in the tree through which the shell had travelled. They made their calculations and located the exact spot in France from which the shell had been fired. An R.A.F. flier went up and across and destroyed the gun . . . The mathematicians flew back to the London meeting. "Sorry, gentlemen," they apologized to the Americans, "we had a bit of figuring to do."

—*Leonard Lyons*.

• • • CHEV THIS OVER

I am always being told it is about time the British lion showed his teeth; and I reply, "Not before he has gone to the dentist."

—*Winston Churchill*.

USE THIS COUPON FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS

12/- per year, or 6/- for six months. We pay postage.

To CAVALCADE Magazine.

56 Young Street, Sydney.

Please post Cavalcade to me every month for a period of months, commencing with the issue for the month of

I enclose herewith shillings.

NAME

ADDRESS

The world is a stage . . . this
age of destiny, the play.

Take a front seat with the
nation's keenest observer.





Work

or Fight!